

# THE NATION

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	315
THE CHURCH AND THE COMMONS ... ..	318
NABOTH'S VINEYARD ... ..	319
COMMON CAPITAL AND THE BUILDING SOCIETY. By Major H. L. Nathan ... ..	320
ALFRED EMMANUEL SMITH. By Vincent Sheean ... ..	321
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa ... ..	322
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Bela Kun (Michael Sadleir); The Prayer Book (Charles Watney, and Alan Hogg); Sexual Morals and Companionate Marriage (D. Hamilton); Children's Allowances and the Housing Problem (F. L. Josephy); Wilkie Collins (Dorothy L. Sayers) ... ..	324
THE AUTHOR IN THE THEATRE. By A. A. Milne ... ..	326
THE SCHOOL OF YOUTH. By Haslam Mills ... ..	327
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron ... ..	328
1985. Poem by F. L. Lucas ... ..	329
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE ATHENÆUM, JUNE 11TH, 1828	329
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— Civilization. By Leonard Woolf ... ..	331
REVIEWS:—	
New Novels. By Raymond Mortimer ... ..	332
Little Creatures. By E. M. F. ... ..	333
Portrait of an Artist ... ..	333
Mediæval Architecture and Mediæval Religion. By Eileen Power ... ..	334
The Madman of the North. By Francis Birrell ... ..	336
Wooden Walls Well Manned. By C. E. F. ... ..	336
ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE ... ..	338
BOOKS IN BRIEF ... ..	338
THE OWNER-DRIVER. By Rayner Roberts ... ..	338
FINANCIAL SECTION:— The Week in the City ... ..	340

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Tribunal, consisting of Sir John Eldon Bankes, Mr. J. J. Withers, and Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith, appointed by the Home Secretary in accordance with the resolution of Parliament, began on Wednesday to hold its inquiry into the police interrogation of Miss Savidge on May 15th. The Tribunal is still sitting as we go to press, and we note with satisfaction that a statement is to be heard from the Public Prosecutor, Sir Archibald Bodkin, in reference to his action in the matter. We have always thought that the attention of the House of Commons was concentrated too exclusively on the way in which the police officers conducted their interrogation, and that it was at least equally important

to consider whether the Public Prosecutor acted properly in instructing the police to take a statement from Miss Savidge. It now appears from the opening statement of Sir Patrick Hastings, on Miss Savidge's behalf, that Sir Archibald made a personal application to the Commissioner of Police for an officer of experience, and that Chief Inspector Collins, deputed to take his instructions, received concise and detailed directions to take a full statement from Miss Savidge as to the circumstances of her acquaintance with Sir Leo Money. "Whereas," added Sir Patrick Hastings, "the Home Secretary did not apparently think it desirable that the police should be the people who should deal with the matter in the first instance, it seems unfortunate that one of the solicitors in Sir Archibald Bodkin's office should not have undertaken the inquiry and seen the witness." It is upon this aspect of the affair that the findings of the Tribunal will, in our judgment, be of the greatest public interest.

\* \* \*

The retirement of the Speaker is an event of great domestic importance to the House of Commons, and no change which may affect the conduct of parliamentary business should be a matter of indifference to the general public. The House has hitherto been fortunate, or wise, in its choice of Speakers, and everyone familiar with its procedure knows how much depends upon the urbanity and judgment of the occupant of the Chair. It would be a real disaster if a Speaker were appointed in whom those qualities were not conspicuous. Mr. Whitley undoubtedly possesses them, and his period of office will be remembered for the tact he has displayed in handling a large accession of Labour Members, new to parliamentary life and naturally suspicious of an institution which used to be called "the best club in London." He has no obvious successor. Mr. Fitzalan Hope, the Deputy Speaker, has not achieved a reputation for impartiality, and, though no doubt the Government could secure his election, it would be opposed and resented by the Labour Party. Sir Robert Sanders, a former Minister of Agriculture, has been put forward in some quarters as a candidate, but he is over sixty, and that is a disqualification for the office. The most likely appointment appears to be that of Sir Thomas Inskip, who recently became Attorney-General. If he is willing to sacrifice the emoluments of his present post and the chance of becoming Lord Chancellor, he will probably be the new Speaker.

\* \* \*

The debate on the second reading of the Finance Bill was mainly concerned with the rating scheme. Mr. Churchill manifested his complete recovery from his recent illness by a debating speech in his most rollicking style. He attempted to laugh out of court the Liberal criticism that his scheme of relief makes no distinction

between industries which are prosperous and industries which are depressed:—

"This attack upon prosperous industries because they were prosperous, this suggestion that they ought to continue to bear an invidious burden just because they were doing well, was not merely unorthodox, but was squalid in its character. The line of argument which the right hon. gentleman used, and the attitude he adopted towards, say, Mr. Courtauld, was exactly the same as that which the present Stalin Government in Russia were adopting towards the thrifty, industrious peasants."

This would be all very well if the Government's scheme involved no discrimination. But, in fact, it is based on a sharp discrimination between "productive industry" on the one hand, and all other ratepayers, householders, shopkeepers, traders, &c., and he justifies this discrimination by appeal to the greater necessities of productive industry. It is a very pertinent criticism of the Government's plan that brewing will be relieved of three-quarters of its rates, while no relief is given to electricity supply undertakings.

\* \* \*

The situation created by the anti-Italian riots in Dalmatia has been handled, on both sides of the Adriatic, with a wisdom and moderation that could hardly have been expected from the past record of either Rome or Belgrade. The Italian protest was couched in reasonable terms. The Yugoslav Government promptly replied by a frank apology, an assurance that all necessary measures would be taken to prevent any repetition of the incidents, and a promise of compensation to those Italians who suffered in the riots. The reply has been well received in Italy, and Signor Mussolini, in his speech on foreign affairs in the Senate, expressed warm appreciation of the good-will displayed by Dr. Marinkovitch, and urged the Yugoslavs to believe in the reality of Italian friendship. The incident is now closed, and has been closed in a way that should improve the relations between the two countries, provided only that the Yugoslav Government is strong enough to carry through the ratification of the Nettuno Conventions, against which the opposition in the Skupshtina is waging a violent and not too scrupulous campaign.

\* \* \*

Apart from his references to Yugoslavia, Signor Mussolini's speech presented a marked contrast to some of his recent sabre-rattling performances. His general survey was optimistic, and he expressed particular satisfaction with the improved relations between Italy and France, and the prospects of a satisfactory settlement of the questions relating to the status of Italians in Tunis and the rectification of the western boundaries of Tripolitania. He congratulated his hearers on the results of the recent Tangier conference, and was hopeful of concluding a peace pact with Greece similar to that recently concluded with Turkey—an innocuous treaty of neutrality, conciliation, and judicial regulation. Finally, he denied that Italy was in any way hostile to the League of Nations. There were the usual references to the necessity for adequate armed protection; but the speech as a whole suggests that Signor Mussolini now feels his leadership sufficiently secure to permit a frank expression of political realism in matters of foreign policy. One point to which further explanation may possibly attach considerable significance was a suggestion that certain clauses in peace treaties should be discussed and revised in the interests of an enduring peace. It would be interesting to know what clauses and what sort of revision Signor Mussolini had in mind.

\* \* \*

The question of Vilna still continues to poison the relations between Lithuania and Poland. The Lithu-

anian Government has issued a revised text of the Constitution, in which Vilna is officially proclaimed the capital of the Lithuanian Republic. The Polish Government has protested, and has forwarded a copy of its protest to the League of Nations. Sir Austen Chamberlain has taken the opportunity to warn the Lithuanians that, while all Members of the League have a strong sympathy with the smaller States, that sympathy will be forfeited if a small State behaves in an unreasonable and provocative way. The warning was, perhaps, needed. It is neither wise nor dignified to embody a hopeless claim in a national constitution, or to embitter international relations by official refusal to recognize an accomplished fact. Yet, remembering the circumstances in which Vilna was acquired by Poland, it is impossible to feel that the warning comes with much grace from a Member of the Council. It is almost too much to expect that the toad under the harrow should view his situation with philosophic detachment.

\* \* \*

June is a busy month for the Secretariat of the League of Nations. No less than fifteen Organs and Commissions of the League are meeting during the next three weeks. The fiftieth session of the Council is now in progress, but, although Sir Austen Chamberlain is attending in accordance with his admirable custom, the meeting suffers from the absence, through illness, of both M. Briand and Herr Stresemann, and it is assumed that the most vital questions, such as the evacuation of the Rhineland, will not be discussed. At the end of the month, the Committee on Arbitration and Security is to meet again. Its business will be the second reading of the model treaties drawn up last March, and the consideration of draft bilateral treaties. Possibly the knowledge that Mr. Kellogg has, in the interval, proposed a treaty on different lines may stimulate this Committee to grapple more realistically with the problems before it. On June 12th, the Mandates Commission will meet at Geneva, and will consider, *inter alia*, the report of the Royal Commission on the administration of Western Samoa, where there were serious disturbances, and allegations against the administration, in 1926. Perhaps the most important of the other forthcoming meetings is that, on June 22nd, the Committee for the Progressive Codification of International Law, a body which is steadily building up the Statute Book which the Hague Court will administer.

\* \* \*

The next few weeks are likely to be marked by important developments in China. Chang Tso-lin has now definitely evacuated Peking and retired to Manchuria, accompanied by his own Mukden troops. The remaining Ankuochun forces in and around the capital are apparently ready to take service with the Nationalists. The evacuation was effected in good order; but at Mukden a bomb was thrown at Chang Tso-lin's train, by which the retreating Tuchun is said to have been wounded. A report of his death has not been confirmed, and at the moment of writing is not generally believed. At Peking itself a Committee of Public Safety has been formed to preserve order, pending the arrival of the Nationalists, and by an arrangement between the Committee, Chang Tso-lin, and Chiang Kai-shek, one brigade of Mukden troops remains as a police force, on the understanding that it will be permitted to retire, unmolested, when the city is occupied. Whether Feng Yu-hsiang, Yen Hsi-shan, or Chiang Kai-shek will be first in Peking remains uncertain, but at present the odds seem to be on Yen, the cautious and rather enigmatic Tuchun of Shansi.



Much the most interesting feature of the present situation is a persistent rumour that the orderly retirement of the Northern forces, without a last battle for the capital, was effected by arrangement with the Nationalists, and that negotiations are going forward, with the Japanese as mediators, for the establishment of Chang's chief of staff, Yang Yu-tung, as Governor of an autonomous Manchuria, acknowledging the sovereignty of an All-China Nationalist Government. This, as we suggested in our last issue, is the only way in which the peace of Manchuria, the special interests of Japan in that province, the legitimate claims of the Nationalists, and the principles of territorial integrity and the open door in China, can all be effectively reconciled. It has yet to be seen whether these rumours are confirmed, and whether the alliance between Chiang Kai-shek, Feng, and Yen, will survive the temptation to fall out, like so many previous combinations, over the spoils of victory.

The protracted negotiations for a wages advance in the shipbuilding industry have finally led to partial acceptance of the employers' offer to the men. At a conference, held on Tuesday, of executives of trade unions included in the Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades, a majority of the unions agreed to accept the offer of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, made last February, to grant an advance in wages of 3s. per week, with certain exceptions, to plain time workers. To this offer the employers attached the condition that the unions should undertake to consider jointly with the employers the preparation of an index for the future regulation of wage changes, and it is understood that the unions will appoint a committee to meet representatives of the employers to discuss the matter. The settlement, however, applies only to the main group of shipbuilding workers, and does not include the six craft unions of workers in the industry. The latter recently approached the employers with a request for arbitration, or an improved wages offer, but were unsuccessful, and it appears probable that they will continue to press for a further concession, though their chances will not have been improved by the settlement with the Federation.

The existence of the Whitley Council for the Post Office is threatened by a disagreement between the official (Governmental) side and the staff side of the Council concerning the composition of the staff side. Some time ago the official side intimated that they were not prepared to continue the Whitley Council unless the staff side agreed to admit representatives of the Guild of Post Office Sorters and the Association of Counter Clerks and Telegraphists, two bodies composed of members who have seceded from the Union of Post Office Workers. The Union has strongly resented the issue of this official ultimatum, and now refuses to attend meetings of the Whitley Council, quoting in support of its action the statement in the Whitley Report that "new organizations should be admitted only with the approval of the particular side of the council of which the organization would form a part." The unfortunate result of this impasse in the Post Office was seen at the meeting on May 30th of the Whitley Council, which was forced to adjourn without transacting business, on account of the absence of the representatives of the Union of Post Office Workers and the Civil Service Clerical Association, which together represent about 100,000 workers, while the remaining staff organizations have a membership of only about 27,000. Although the staff side, by a majority, has decided to accept the official proposals under protest, it

is clear that the action of the Union of Post Office Workers, which was confirmed at a meeting of its executive on May 31st, has rendered the Whitley Council unrepresentative and ineffective, and the Postmaster-General will have to decide whether to abandon Whitleyism, or to withdraw his ill-advised demand.

It is a pity that Sir Alfred Mond, the captain of industrial combines, the great exponent of rationalization in post-war British industry, should not have applied the principles of rationalization to the first accounts published by the great industrial combine, Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., over which he presides as Chairman. Imperial Chemical Industries is a holding company, and for the accounts of a holding company to be intelligible it is essential that a consolidated income account and balance sheet be issued which will show the real earnings and assets of the subsidiary companies. It is true that not many holding companies in this country publish consolidated balance sheets, but it is for Sir Alfred Mond, as a leader of reason in industry and goodwill between capital and labour, to set a good example. Imperial Chemical Industries was formed at the end of 1926 as an amalgamation of Brunner Mond, Nobel Industries, the United Alkali Company, and British Dyestuffs, and has since acquired the business of Cassel Cyanide Company, Ltd., Casebourne & Company (1926), Ltd., Elliott's Metal Company, Ltd., British Copper Manufacturers, Ltd., and certain smaller companies. These holdings are merely described in the balance sheet of Imperial Chemical Industries as "investments at cost—shares in subsidiary and associated companies, £58,109,775, and other industrial investments, £699,925—total, £58,809,700."

The directors' report adds little to the meagre information contained in the balance sheet. The net profits given in the single item, £4,567,224, before providing for income tax, "comprise the dividends received from the four participating companies which constituted the merger and from certain other companies acquired during 1927." It is said that the large expenditure on new capital works has been financed out of the resources of the subsidiary companies, and that for this purpose investments have been realized which resulted in a capital profit of over £1,000,000, which has been carried to reserve in the books of the subsidiaries instead of being brought into the accounts of Imperial Chemical. It is therefore impossible to tell from the published accounts what the companies comprising Imperial Chemical Industries are really earning, much less what proportions of these earnings have been distributed as dividends and applied to reserves. Again, it is impossible to say what the working capital of the combine was at December 31st, 1927. In the balance sheet the total of cash, debtors, and loan accounts of subsidiaries exceeds the total of creditors and deposit accounts of subsidiaries by £1,263,467, which is small in relation to the issued capital of £58,169,849. But this cannot be the real working capital of Imperial Chemical Industries, because the liquid position of the subsidiaries is undisclosed. Who can say, then, what the assets of Imperial Chemical Industries are really worth? To know that the assets are probably worth much more than is disclosed in the balance sheet is comforting, but is not conducive to that intelligent investment on the Stock Exchange which Sir Alfred Mond should encourage. He has missed a big opportunity in not giving the investing public a model form of consolidated balance sheet which would show the real financial position of the constituent companies.

## THE CHURCH AND THE COMMONS

NEXT week the new Prayer Book will come once more before Parliament; and the House of Commons will again enjoy the rare delight of a free vote on a question of first-rate public interest. The closeness of the vote upon the last occasion, the element of surprise attending the result, and the fact that a large number of members came to the debate without decided opinions, and voted under the immediate impression of the oratory, add uncertainty and excitement to the prospect. And the question itself is of a peculiarly intriguing sort. A theological controversy, touching chords of deep, ancestral memory. Behind the immediate, concrete issue of the fate of the new Prayer Book, all sorts of vaguer, larger issues, the fate of the Establishment, the unity of the Church of England, the drift towards magic and priestcraft, the future of organized religion. And the utmost perplexity as to the real bearing of these larger, vaguer issues on the immediate, concrete issue; so that members with the same broad attitude upon the larger questions will find themselves next week in opposite lobbies, and in the company of others whose point of view is antipathetic to them.

It cannot reasonably be maintained that the new Prayer Book would make any radical difference in the doctrinal position of the Church of England. It involves no more than a slight shifting of the emphasis. But a slight shifting of emphasis there is; and this shifting is—if not strictly in a Roman—undoubtedly in a ritualistic and anti-Protestant direction. In so shifting the emphasis, the new Prayer Book represents, of course, only a faint and halting response to the very decided anti-Protestant movement which has taken place in modern times among the clergy and the more active elements in the Church. Now it is one thing to dislike and to distrust—as we dislike and distrust—this movement in itself. It does not follow that it is fair or reasonable to veto the new Prayer Book because it makes mild concessions to this movement. Parliament is bound to consider the issue in the light of the constitutional position created by the Enabling Act. The whole idea of the Enabling Act was to confer upon the Church of England a limited measure of autonomy. The veto of Parliament is maintained in order to ensure that the exercise of that autonomy shall not be carried beyond reasonable limits. Can it fairly be maintained that the changes proposed in the new Prayer Book go beyond these reasonable limits? That is the question for Parliament.

Of course, this question cannot be decided simply by reference to the letter of the Prayer Book changes. We must have regard to the consequences which they are likely to have in practice, to the probable effect on the conduct of affairs in the Church of England, if the new Prayer Book is ratified by Parliament. And, at this point, the question becomes enveloped in an atmosphere of suspicion and bitterness and recrimination; for, we have to weigh the assurances

of the Bishops and Archbishops against the long record of successful Anglo-Catholic contumacy. The Bishops assure us that the new rubrics authorizing continuous reservation of the Sacrament have been introduced solely in order to meet the needs of the sick and the dying, under the new conditions which have grown up in populous urban parishes. They assure us that they will administer the rubrics in this spirit; and claim, indeed, that if continuous reservation is allowed where it is reasonable, they will at last be in a position to restore "order" and to check such abuses as services of adoration. But, unfortunately, it is very difficult to be altogether convinced by the Bishops' assurances. In the light of past history and present tendencies, it seems more likely that Sir William Joynson-Hicks will be proved right, when he declares bluntly that "if the Reservation of the Sacrament is permitted under restrictions, however stringent, the practice will be adopted, and, in course of time, the restrictions will be ignored."

These words appear in Sir William's Protestant polemic "The Prayer-Book Crisis" (Putnam, 2s. 6d.), which was published last week. That he should have found time to write a book (for, in this case, no one will suspect a literary "ghost") amid his political and departmental preoccupations is, in itself, noteworthy as showing how deeply he and many others are stirred upon the matter. The evidence which Sir William assembles of the past attitude of the Bishops towards what he terms the "Ritualistic Aggression" is certainly damaging to the view that the new Prayer Book will lead to the restoration of "discipline" and "order." In 1903, when there was much agitation over the growth of ritualism in the Church of England, and there seemed some likelihood that the House of Commons might insist on a Church Discipline Bill (which actually received a second reading), the Archbishop of Canterbury reassured a deputation of members by promising the sternest measures against the offending ritualists:—

"Tolerance has reached, and even passed, its limits. The sands have run out. Stern and drastic action is, in my judgment, quite essential."

Ritualism has continued to make rapid strides, but there has been no "stern and drastic action," and to-day the Bishops do not even hint at any. It is on "moral suasion" that they now propose to rely to secure that the limits set by the new Reservation rubrics will be observed. Is it conceivable that this "moral suasion" will prove effective when many of the more extreme Anglo-Catholic party promise defiance in advance?

The appeal, in short, to "trust the Bishops" is unconvincing. It is unconvincing, not, as is sometimes implied, because most of the Bishops are really half-Papists at heart, but because it is very difficult for them either to influence or to coerce the extreme Anglo-Catholics. Either of these courses is difficult because the Anglo-Catholic party contains some of the most earnest and devoted elements in the Church, with the courage of very sensi-



tive convictions, and the tide within the Church of England is running strongly in their favour. The Anglo-Catholics would claim to be the one section of the Church which is really energetic and alive, which is successfully resisting the inroads of unbelief, and which makes some sort of appeal to the public imagination. This claim, whatever qualifications it may need in detail, is undoubtedly very largely justified. It represents, indeed, the really crucial fact in the present situation of the Church of England. With or without the new Prayer Book, the drift towards Anglo-Catholicism seems likely to continue. Preponderance in the Church of England seems likely to pass more and more to those who incline towards what we regard as magic and priestcraft.

Now this may or may not be a good reason for rejecting the new Prayer Book. In our judgment, it is not a good reason. For, when all is said and done, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the adoption of the new Prayer Book would appreciably stimulate the tendency which we have indicated. We doubt if it would do anything to check it; but, conceivably, it might do something; and, on the whole, we should prefer, not exactly to "trust the Bishops," but to throw the responsibility upon them by giving them the revision which they declare to be an essential condition of the restoration of order in the Church. It seems to us a matter of the reasonable working of the Enabling Act, and of the reasonable treatment of those who have laboured for so long to evolve the compromise put forward. Even the Bishops deserve the benefit of the doubt.

But the tendency which exists within the Church of England raises an issue which is of greater importance than the immediate Prayer Book question. How long can the official status of an Established Church, with all the social and historical prestige and the propagandist influence attaching to it, be accorded to a Church which is moving rapidly, as we have said, towards magic and priestcraft, in a nation which is certainly not moving in any such direction? The real drift of national opinion is away from the whole idea of organized religion. In a sense, it may be true that religious sentiment is more prevalent to-day than it has ever been before. But the characteristic religious sentiment of the present age is an undocctrinal mysticism, which does not take kindly to Churches or to theological dogmas. Naturally enough, it is the more reasonable forms of organized religion which suffer the greatest loss of adherents from this movement of opinion. And it is this which really accounts for the strength of the Anglo-Catholic movement. As reasonable religion fails, more and more manifestly, to commend itself to the intelligence, it becomes the instinctive tactic of the Churches, if their traditions so permit, to exploit the powerful appeal which magic and priestcraft are capable of making to other elements in man's nature.

Thus the Church of England becomes more markedly ecclesiastical, in face of a public opinion

which is becoming steadily more anti-ecclesiastical, much as, in the last century, the Church of Rome responded to the growing scepticism of the age by proclaiming the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. The result is a growing discordance between the Church and the national mind, which makes the relationship entailed by the Establishment an increasingly uncomfortable one. The Church of England has had a very long life for so singular an institution. It has survived many threats of external attack and of internal schism. Yet it may be doubted whether it ever stood in greater peril than it does to-day. It seems not unlikely that we are in the early phase of a distracting controversy which can only end in its Disestablishment, its Disendowment, and its disruption.

## NABOTH'S VINEYARD

"And Jezebel his wife said unto him, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite."

ON June 12th Sir Edward Grigg, the Governor of Kenya, will put before the Legislative Council for its approval a Bill ironically entitled "The Native Lands Trust Ordinance, 1928." It is a remarkable document. Ostensibly its object is "to provide for the Reservation of Lands for the Use and Benefit of the Native Tribes of the Colony"; in fact, it creates a façade behind which, with decent and legal ceremonial and with no violence or stoning, the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite may quietly be handed over to the Kenya settlers.

Hitherto, as has frequently been pointed out in these columns, the native of Kenya has had no legal title to the land of the Native Reserves. At any moment the Government under pressure from the settlers has been able to eject the native from his land and sell or lease it to Europeans. In so far as this Bill declares that Native Reserves are "reserved and set aside for the use and benefit of the native tribes," and establishes some legal security of tenure, it is to be welcomed; but it is a remarkable fact that a Bill which has ostensibly the object of creating a Native Lands Trust should be mainly occupied with provisions regulating the alienation of native lands. This is in itself disquieting; but when one examines in detail the provisions and sees to whose hands Naboth's vineyard is being entrusted, one can only admit that they manage these little affairs more artistically in Kenya than in Jezreel.

The Bill creates a Central Native Lands Trust Board and also Local Advisory Boards. The whole management and control of Native Reserves is vested ultimately in the Central Board. Power to lease lands for ninety-nine years within the Reserves is given to the Board. Therefore, whether the Board is really to protect the native in his occupation of the reserve or whether it is to create a façade behind which the vineyard may decently be transferred from Naboth to Ahab, depends upon two things: the actual constitution of the Central Board and the conditions regulating its power of granting leases.

The Central Board is to consist of the Governor, four officials, of whom not a single one has any district experience, and four unofficial members nominated by the

Governor. It has the power to co-opt one or more native members for the consideration of any particular matter, but it need never do so. It has, in effect, unfettered power to lease any land anywhere in any Reserve for a period up to ninety-nine years. It has to refer the matter to the Local Advisory Board, which is to consist of the Provincial and District Commissioners, an unofficial European, and a native, but it is in no way bound to accept advice from the Local Board. It has to satisfy itself that the proposal to grant a lease has been "brought to the notice of the natives concerned, and that such natives have had an opportunity of expressing their views upon the proposal," but it is in no way bound to pay any attention to the views of those for whom it holds the vineyard in trust!

And now consider the constitution of this Board, which is to be Naboth's trustee. Why should half its members (excluding the President) be unofficial members? In view of Kenya's history it is not unfair to suspect that some Governors will appoint all four unofficials from the ranks of the settlers, the very persons from whose encroachment the Native Reserves require protection. Why should the officials be those who in the past have shown themselves most complacent to the settler's land hunger? On this Board there is no native representative and no official who can speak for the native from experience in the districts, and there is no obligation on the Board to pay any attention to native opinion.

There are other provisions in this Bill to which grave exception can be taken, but we have said enough to show its nature. We trust that the Secretary of State will refuse to sanction it in its present form. The Central Board should have at least one, if not two, African members; it should have not more than one member drawn from the European community engaged in commerce or planting; it should have one Indian member. The District Commissioner should always be *ex officio* a member of the Board when the Board is considering the lease of land within a Reserve in his District. Finally, the lease of land in a Reserve should require the approval of the Local Advisory Board and the consent of the Native Council.

## COMMON CAPITAL AND THE BUILDING SOCIETY

By MAJOR H. L. NATHAN.

THE annual Conference last week at Torquay of the National Association of Building Societies, of which Viscount Cecil is President, is an event, the social significance of which vastly outweighs the public attention it has received. For as yet very few people realize the enormous importance of the rôle which the Building Society movement has come to fill in national development. It has been familiar to us for upwards of a century and a quarter. It has been quietly at work, befriending the more inarticulate classes and helping them to begin saving, to secure homes, and to acquire the habit of sound investment. But since the War, the work of Building Societies has undergone a quite extraordinary expansion. In a time of acute social difficulty, occasioned not only by the post-war housing shortage, but by the emergence of a new eagerness among the masses of the nation for independence, security and an improved standard of living, the Building Societies have revealed themselves as an ideal instrument whereby these needs could be met, and these new impulses satisfied.

The figures in which this expansion is recorded make

impressive reading. The total membership of British Building Societies in 1918 was 632,520. In 1926 it was 1,257,400, or roughly double—the growth of eight years rivalling that of the previous hundred and twenty. The amounts advanced on mortgage in 1918 by Building Societies totalled £7,049,515 and their receipts £25,974,276; in 1926 the corresponding figures were £51,819,505 and £93,400,588. The sums invested in the Societies as represented by their liabilities to shareholders, depositors, and other creditors amounted in 1918 to £64,185,531. By 1926 they had risen to £183,450,403; while in the same period their total mortgage assets increased from £53,207,803 to £171,220,815.

The significance of these figures needs no emphasis. Here we have a movement, firm-based on a century of quiet growth, which has suddenly shot ahead with a speed of a torrent and spread out to become one of the biggest social factors of the day. One family in every eight now contains a member of a Building Society. The yearly income of the movement is well over one-tenth as large as the total annual revenue of the Imperial Exchequer. It is worth our while to ask what is the nature and effect of this phenomenon, and whether it holds any lesson of value for other branches of national progress.

The paradox of Building Societies is that they do not build. That task they leave to the independent builder. Individual enterprise is fostered, not challenged, by them. They are in fact great mutual aid associations, with the two-fold function, on the one hand of providing capital whereby the wage-earner and the man of limited income can get his home built and paid for, and, on the other, of providing such people with an opportunity to invest at good interest and under most convenient conditions, their small savings in a security "as safe as houses." They have the advantage of combining the economy and flexibility of private enterprise with a stability enforced by statutory enactments and guaranteed by the permanent character of the properties with which they deal.

Certain of the special features of the Building Society are well brought out in the Report of the Royal Commission which preceded the Building Societies Act of 1874. This report noted that whereas in a joint stock company capital is the leading idea, in a Building Society the essential principle is membership. "In a Building Society the capital is never fixed. The number of shares is always indefinite. . . . The capital is constantly increasing by the addition of new shares or decreasing by the withdrawal of existing ones. Its membership remaining always open, it knows no share jobbing, fattens no brokers, and needs no settling day on the Stock Exchange."

To this it may be added that while the proportion of borrowers from Building Societies who fail to maintain their payments is very small—rather less, in fact, than 1 per cent.—such people generally succeed, with the help of the Society, in transferring their interest without loss, for unlike a certain type of Insurance Company which flourishes on the confiscation of lapsed policies, Building Societies do not seek revenue from this source, but cover their running costs out of the difference between the dividends they pay and the interest they charge.

The immense national service rendered by these Societies in assisting the man without capital and with only a limited income to build a home and pay for it on easy terms is obvious. It would be hard to over-emphasize the value of that service in aiding the reduction of the post-war housing shortage. But apart from its special importance for housing, the Building Society can claim to be responsible for a national development of the most fruitful order, in that it is steadily turning the wage-earning classes into capitalists. For many of them this capital



takes the form of a dwelling, into which the alchemy of the Society has transferred the small annual savings of frugality and thrift. For many others it is a nest-egg, soundly invested at a safe 5 per cent., tax free, and realizable in full at short notice. Building Societies are now administering something like 10 per cent. of the total savings of the country, and these are savings by the masses, not the millionaires.

The convenience offered by these Societies to the small investor is easy to see. He escapes the broker's commission and the Government's stamp duty. He can invest his occasional pound without difficulty or delay, and he knows that Acts of Parliament, often reinforced by still stricter rules of the Society itself, lay down a substantial margin of security for him by ensuring that the sums due under mortgages shall be at least half as much again as the total of deposits and loans accepted from the public. His pound will always be a pound—which is more than can be said for an investment even in Consols. The element of speculation is entirely eliminated from investment in the funds of a Building Society. And in passing it may be noted that in the light of this fact the immense post-war popularity of this type of investment is a most encouraging symptom. So much has been said and written about the present-day craze for speculation, the "Get-rich-quick" complex, that it is reassuring to find the most outstanding development of national investment by the mass of the people taking place in so completely non-speculative a security.

On reviewing the immense success of this movement, and the social value of the services it renders, one cannot help asking whether the system it embodies could not be given a wider application. Are houses the only form of property that can safely form the basis of a mutual investment and credit system adapted to the needs of those with modest incomes and little or no original capital? One is tempted to suggest at least two other directions in which the undeveloped capital value of the wage-earners might be realized. Of these, one is the instalment purchase of stocks and shares, the other the provision of credit for small undertakings.

The State has already shown its awareness of the possibility of raising funds by instalment sale of securities in its system of National Savings Certificates, and it now offers through the Post Office Savings Bank certain additional facilities of this order. But there is room for a much wider development, not only in regard to Government stocks, but for the financing of industry; and here mutual organizations, regulated like the Building Societies by statute, could render an immense service.

No less obvious is the immense value of the services which some such system could render to small business undertakings. Trade and manufacture to-day, like housing, have their slums. Just as the Building Society has proved that many an overcrowded family is capable, given suitable credit facilities, of rising to the healthy independence of home ownership, so many a struggling individual business, or would-be entrant into independent trade or production, could be made an asset to the nation by similar credit provision. In America, indeed, the system of instalment purchase has been so developed that tradesmen all over the United States are to-day equipping their undertakings on extended credits.

Niagara ran to waste for millenniums till someone thought of making it produce electric power. The potential thrift and capital husbandry by wage-earners of this country are still far too largely ignored. Building Societies have started to realize their possibilities with challenging results. When will the lesson thus taught be given a fuller application?

## ALFRED EMMANUEL SMITH

WHEN the delegates of the Democratic Party of the United States meet in convention at Houston (Texas) at the end of this month it is almost imperative upon them to select, as their candidate for the presidency, Mr. Alfred Emmanuel Smith, Governor of the State of New York. Governor Smith has made such headway in the preliminary skirmishes for delegates that he already controls more than half the votes of the convention; he has promises of a good many more after the initial "complimentary" ballots (those in which some States vote for their "favourite sons") have been duly accomplished. The Democratic Party has no strong candidate for the nomination except Governor Smith. Those Democrats who dislike the Governor may attempt to resist or delay his triumph, but they can scarcely hope to prevent his nomination in the end. We may therefore expect to see Mr. Smith emerge in July as the Democratic candidate for the presidency, with an unusually good chance of defeating whatever candidate the somewhat demoralized Republican Party can propose.

In the ordinary way a presidential election in the United States offers little of real interest to the student of politics. The two great parties no longer dare take position on any issue; they deal in generalities, they avoid any recognition of the social and economic problems of the country. The campaign is a long, expensive orgy of meaningless speech-making by men whose only preoccupation is electoral. Since Wilson's last candidacy there has been almost no clear speaking by any contestant for the presidential office. The effort has been to avoid saying anything, to avoid believing anything, and to avoid doing anything. This passivity is the ideal condition for the operation of that quiet business activity which, Wall Street correctly feels, constitutes the real government of the country. The cynicism of the procedure has been equalled by the shameless mediocrity of its instruments. The *junta* which did not hesitate to impose Mr. Harding upon the people of the United States has carefully fostered the mythology of Mr. Coolidge. Men of real ability have either vanished from the foreground, like Mr. Hughes, or operated behind a presidential smoke-screen, like Mr. Mellon. In such a regime frankness between candidates and their electors has ceased to exist, and the voter votes completely in the dark.

The presidential campaign of 1928 will differ sharply from its immediate predecessors in the series if Governor Smith becomes the candidate of the Democratic Party. Mr. Smith is unlike anybody else in American politics at the moment: he speaks his mind when his mind is made up, and he gives the illusion of courage and directness even when his motives are disingenuous. In the primary requisite for the presidential honour, which is, unfortunately, the ability to get votes, he far surpasses any other Democrat. Few politicians have equalled his achievement in seducing the ballots of an apathetic electorate: in New York, a Republican State, he has three times been elected Governor, and he has governed that State for three terms with (or against) a hostile legislative majority. The training which this has given him in political manipulation under difficulties could scarcely be bettered. He has, at the same time, exercised his administrative functions in such a way as to exhibit the twin qualities of courage and honesty, those moribund virtues of American government. If legislation of a somewhat advanced type (such as his Housing Bill or his proposed State ownership and control of water power) fails in spite of his support, he is always able to point out that the Republican Legislature is responsible. His political

acumen is unquestioned, and his success or failure will to a very large extent depend upon his ability to vanquish prejudices of a non-political nature.

These prejudices, his real opponents in the struggle, are directed against his religion, education, and personal convictions. He has always made it clear that he did not approve of the prohibition amendment to the federal constitution, and that some modification of the laws defining the scope of that amendment would be agreeable to him. To this extent he is a "Wet." He is a Roman Catholic. He has received no formal education of any sort beyond the first few years of primary school in the slum quarter of New York. He is sharply different in type from the scholars and lawyers who have been previous candidates for the presidency—Wilson, Hughes, Cox, Davis, Coolidge, even Harding—all of whom conformed more or less closely to middle-class standards. There is a vague feeling that he is therefore not "gentleman" enough to be President, whatever that may mean: that his manners and conversation would be inadequate to the requirements of the White House. It seems to have been forgotten in the United States that manners and conversation were not the distinguishing characteristics of many of our most capable presidents.

Mr. Smith's personality is thus under attack more directly than is customary in presidential elections, and the attack can only be answered by his personality. During his vacation at Asheville (North Carolina) in April, I had some opportunity of forming an opinion as to what his personal qualities were and to what extent they could combat the prejudice against him. He is a man of middle age and something less than middle height, big-nosed, bright-eyed, and active. His voice is harsh and unpleasant, with a strong nasal tone. He wears clothing which testifies more to his independence than to his taste. He has two forms of address, one of which is articulate and correct, used in public or in the presence of critical strangers; the other is colloquial, ungrammatical, racy, the language of the people. In all of these matters he is completely unpretentious. For a man of his intelligence it would have been easy to discard, years ago, the manners, speech, and attitudes of the proletariat. He has wisely chosen to retain them. Yet in serious conversation, when he has become absorbed in his subject, his mind flashed out sharply, and in that white light all of his personal limitations are reduced to insignificance. He possesses a native intelligence of the rarest quality—direct, incisive, unliterary, comprehensive. To hear him talk on a subject which he has studied with care (water power, for example, or taxation) is to perceive the existence in him of a first-rate executive mind. When he has finished his exposition he lapses with disconcerting suddenness into the speech of his less absorbed moments, with some trace of embarrassment at having been caught "talking like a professor," and one is baffled to discover that he has chucked his grammar overboard with his ideas. He has to a considerable extent two personalities, comprehensible only in the light of his experience: one Governor Smith has remained a raffish gamin, the slangy, light-hearted and irreverent apotheosis of a Bowery newsboy, while the other compels respect as the possessor of a political and administrative intelligence of the highest order. One is obliged to remember that he was the son of immigrant parents, born in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge on New York's pullulating East Side; that he received only the sketchiest sort of primary education in a Catholic parochial school; that he was a newsboy before many of his contemporaries had finished studying arithmetic; that he worked in the Fulton Street Fish Market and knew the Bowery as well as Theodore Roosevelt knew

Fifth Avenue; that only his extraordinary energy, political talent, and irresistible personality thrust him through the grades of Tammany Hall's hierarchy to higher and higher elective offices, until he stands now free of Tammany Hall itself, on the threshold of the most powerful political position in the world, the Presidency of the United States. Such a career staggers the imagination; it is a romantic grotesque only possible in a country which still, in spite of age and wealth and a certain position in the world, has retained its childlikeness of mind. From the point of view of a philosopher it makes extremely little difference who is President of the United States: those who have held that office have seldom deflected the course of history in any but secondary matters. Yet there remains the obstinate remnant of a hope that such a personality as Mr. Smith's might, in the executive office, influence American political life in the direction of greater courage and integrity, a more responsible relation to the problems and desires of the people. And even if this were denied us, we can maintain the undefeatable certainty that with Mr. Smith in the White House the presidency would emerge from that stagnation of purpose and procedure which has characterized it for the past eight years: it would once more become interesting.

VINCENT SHEEAN.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

IT is not surprising that Mr. Whitley has found seven years long enough to endure the gilded servitude of the Chair. The office of Speaker involves severe bodily and mental strain. He must sit hieratically still hour after hour, and his attention must never wander for an instant from the speeches, which are, for the most part, excruciatingly boring. At any moment some crisis may flare up which requires the solution of a swift and impeccable judgment. The Speaker's rulings are fair game for every amateur Speaker in the House, and these swarm, especially in the Labour Party. Whatever happens he must preserve the same unbroken façade of dignity, patience, and good humour. The same qualities in their degree are needed in the chairman of the smallest Parish Council, but the Speaker does his work in a concentrated glare of criticism, and while he is worshipped as a personification of privilege, Members of Parliament, like certain savages, beat their god if anything goes wrong. When that happens, or is held by an aggrieved party to have happened, a vote of censure may follow, and that is, for any conscientious Speaker—Mr. Whitley is both conscientious and extremely sensitive—a terrible trial. The Speaker is never at ease, for from the smoothest sea of debate the storm may rise without warning, in which his sedulously preserved reputation may shipwreck. Mr. Whitley has earned his release. He has had difficult times, and by common consent he has made good. At the outset the Tories were not over-pleased to see a Liberal in the chair, and a Liberal against whom they nourished fancied grievances from his time as Chairman of Committees. He has lived down all that, and nowadays there is the fullest admiration of him and confidence in his fairness in every quarter of the House of Commons. All the same the Tories will probably be pleased to get one of their number in the Chair before the General Election.

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Few Speakers have been faced with a more difficult problem than Mr. Whitley when he had to deal with the wild men from the Clyde in the full ebullience of their revolt. It was an unprecedented problem. The old Irish Party was formidable, but theirs was an instructed opposition, using Parliamentary forms, and conducted by able



debaters. Mr. Kirkwood and his fellows were in revolt against the House of Commons as an institution; in their heady ignorance they regarded it as a capitalist instrument for obstructing reform, and they tended to regard the Speaker as an enemy. Mr. Whitley took a carefully reasoned course, and it has been justified by success. He gave the Labour Left Wingers their head, much as a tamer of a wild animal allows it to wear itself out in fury before teaching it submission. The Tories were bitterly dissatisfied with him, for they naturally wished coercion to be applied. Mr. Whitley insisted on treating the Kirkwoods as what they were—well-meaning and entirely undisciplined men, for whose blunders time and tolerance would provide the cure. He therefore sat silent through speeches of passionate violence, while sticklers for Parliamentary etiquette thought the world was coming to an end. Mr. Whitley was right and wise. In the long run the revolutionaries found that they were striking the air, and it penetrated at last that they were making themselves ridiculous. They calmed down and applied themselves to business, though they have never learned the Parliamentary game properly. Mr. Whitley has no warmer admirers now than those on the Labour benches. People who sighed for the grand old days of Speaker Peel forget that to have countered arrogance with arrogance would have quickly reduced Parliament to a bear garden. When foreigners express surprise at the almost superstitious reverence felt for the Chair in the House of Commons they should be recommended to study this chapter in the career of Speaker Whitley.

An important peace conference has been held this week. The most impressive peace speech was not made there, but in an unlikely place—a gathering of leading engineers from all over the world in London. To this audience on Monday a very distinguished engineer, the veteran Sir Alfred Ewing, made a discourse reviewing the inventions of a century. And what was his conclusion, after summarizing the past, and forecasting the future of more and still more triumphs of applied science? It was that science has given to man instruments with which he is in danger of destroying himself; that the ingenuity of mankind is outrunning his capacity to use his new powers wisely. It is like presenting to a child a knife with which he has no more sense than to cut himself—and others. This is the dead sea fruit of the war; reaction mournful and complete from the old worship of progress. It was a sermon, in its circumstances and its preacher far more impressive than those commonly heard from pulpits and peace platforms. The inventors themselves, then, are uneasy about the future for which they are preparing their dangerous marvels. As a footnote to this lay sermon I would record the opinion that the discovery of flight, world mentality and morality being at their present levels, was a misfortune, and is clearly seen to be such by all who are not hypnotized by the prestige of achievement. It has given to the nations a means of mutual extermination which they are everywhere gleefully perfecting, and intend, failing a spiritual change, to use to the full. It would be a benefit to mankind were every aeroplane scrapped to-morrow.

This year's Honours List is a depressing document. Of the three peerages, two go to blameless Conservatives, chiefly for long continuance in Conservatism; the third goes to Sir Alfred Mond, presumably as the reward of conversion, or as some compensation for the curious unwillingness of Mr. Baldwin to recognize Sir Alfred's claim to high Ministerial office. The elevation of Sir Alfred Mond has, at any rate, the advantage of elevating him above the

sphere of Carmarthen. It does put an end to a political scandal, and give to that ill-used constituency a chance of getting itself represented in accordance with its wishes. Sir Alfred Mond is a man of immense power and ability—I cordially admire his statesmanship in industry—but his relations with Carmarthen are not the brightest jewel in his baronial regalia. His explanation of his omission to carry out his promise to resign if called upon to do so was understood to be the high estimate he entertained of his value to the House of Commons: Mr. Baldwin considers that he will be still more valuable in the House of Lords, and the incident is closed.

Mr. Lloyd George said a telling thing the other day when he remarked that in these days the worst enemy of varieties of local culture is not the Anglo-Saxon, but the "formidable and insidious" Philistine. The steam-roller of uniformity, fit symbol of an age of mechanism, is rolling flat all the eccentric little hills. Mr. George's Welsh hills, the last haunt of poetic speech, are in danger. It is true he gave some consoling evidence of the healthy survival of the Welsh tongue, and even of the Welsh harp. I am quite incompetent to criticize his claim that the Welsh are turning out new literature "worthy to rank with the finest literature in Europe." It seems a hearty claim, but I shall never be able to test it, or to enjoy that lordly inheritance. This being the state of the case I was a little surprised to find him appealing to the Celt to get rid of his inferiority complex. One would have supposed the danger of the Welshman to lie rather in a well-founded arrogance. It is surely the subdued Anglo-Saxon who in these days suffers from an inferiority complex; he cannot boast of the finest literature in Europe, and he is only too acutely conscious of the pervasiveness of the triumphant Celt. Yes, it is the Saxon who is in most imminent danger from the conquering Philistine; he has no rampart of hills behind which he may cherish a poetic defiance, and if he slips into a momentary self-complacency, there is always a Celt within hearing to remind him of the facts.

The pre-Derby prophecies of the experts always provide a certain philosophical entertainment. The richest material for this study in ambiguity is to be found in the confidences that owners and jockeys make before the race to a gathering of journalists, who often compensate for the cynicism of their occupation by an extra dose of credulity. The owners show an ingenuity in "hedging" (oratorically) that would do credit to the best performer on the Front Bench. The owner has the extremely difficult job of indicating that his horse is the most likely to win while avoiding any positive claim that it will do so. Some take refuge in humour; others employ language of tortured vagueness. I select, as the gem this year, Lord Stanley's description of his father's horse: "I can only say that he is prepared to do no more than he is forced to do" (evidently the compulsion was insufficient). In the art of saying nothing to make it look like something, the great men of racing are admirable performers. They all know well enough that the only authority whose opinion would be of any value is the horse, and unfortunately the phrase "Straight from the horse's mouth" is only a figure of speech. The racehorse is the most unpredictable of creatures; he is like a human being and will run well if he feels like it at the moment; altogether an insecure basis for gigantic commercial transactions. I am not an expert, but I think I know enough about the rather sordid business to be sure that predictions based on "form" and so on are mere delusions. No one knows with any useful precision what is going to happen in any race—it is, in short, precisely a gamble.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's new "Life and Letters" has the merit of slipping nicely into the pocket. I found that the contents of the first number slipped fairly easily into the mind. The articles steer a happy middle course between the highbrow and the frivolous. "Max" is frivolous in manner, but there is sound critical substance in his deliciously malicious portrayal of Andrew Lang. The editor's own job is a much needed deflation of the ridiculously "boosted" reputation of Emil Ludwig. I would except from this devastating verdict the book on Napoleon, but only because it is mostly Napoleon with the minimum of Ludwig. The best feature of a promising number, to my mind, is Santayana's subtle paper on "Hamlet," which achieves a sort of mystical ecstasy of apology for the strange contradictions and unassimilated survivals in that play. The notion is that Shakespeare uses these relics of old melodrama in such a way as to make them expressive of the chaos in Hamlet's mind. Of course, this is to do rough justice to the argument, which seems to me to be a masterpiece of (unconvincing) ingenuity. The reviews are businesslike, but not specially distinguished. The proof reader might have spotted the phrase "stripping the nakedness of middle age." It is curious how positive misuses of words are allowed to linger in famous books that are repeatedly reprinted. Yesterday I found in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" the phrase "the luxurious chestnut trees."

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BELA KUN

SIR,—Are there not circumstances in which even humanitarian principle must give way to logic? An editorial note in your issue of June 2nd deals with the arrest of Bela Kun in Vienna and the application for his extradition made by the Hungarian Government. You say: "To hand a defeated revolutionary over to his enemies is to take sides in the politics of another country, and when the faction to which the victim belongs has been finally and hopelessly defeated the action becomes cruel and almost vindictive."

The sentiment is impeccable; but in the present case its practical application is repellant to the ordinary man's sense of common justice. During the few months of his domination in Hungary Bela Kun was directly and indirectly responsible for the torture and death of hundreds of innocent people. With the bluster beloved of diminutive Hebrews, he declared again and again that in defence of Communist ideals he would die on the barricades with the humblest of his proletarian disciples. The test came, and he fled comfortably to Vienna in a train-de-luxe.

I venture to ask why, if Browne and Kennedy hang for the murder of one man, this disagreeable little fraud should escape the penalty for crimes much worse than theirs?

And further, if Austria may not surrender Kun without taking sides in the politics of another country, how is it to the credit of the Second International (including two Englishmen, whose opinion no one concerned can conceivably have asked) to butt in on a matter which, by your own showing, is of national and not of international implication?—Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

London.

June 4th, 1928.

## THE PRAYER BOOK

SIR,—I am afraid as one connected with Parliament that I know the position even better than Colonel Seton Churchill of the 238 Members who voted for the rejection of the Prayer Book, which he calls the "Bishops' Prayer Book," but which was approved by all the Constitutional Authorities of the Church, laity and clerics.

I am aware the 238 embraced nearly all the chief religions and that a large number did not belong to the Church of

England at all. Colonel Churchill lays stress upon the fact that "we laymen" are deprived by the new Prayer Book of the authority we have exercised in the past. "We laymen" have the right, if we take any interest in Church worship, of controlling the different Church Authorities which have sanctioned the new Prayer Book. If there is this great feeling against the Prayer Book on the part of the laity, may I ask why, when the Division was taken in the National Church Assembly meetings in 1927 and 1928, the number of opposing laymen was precisely the same on each occasion, namely, ninety-two?

Let me also mention another fact which is worth consideration. In one Lancashire constituency where the opposition to the Prayer Book is supposed to be very acute, the sitting Member has received just two hundred representations against it out of an electorate of sixty-two thousand. This hardly shows that the laity are unduly perturbed.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES WATNEY.

Courtfield House, Courtfield Road, S.W.7.

June 5th, 1928.

SIR,—The object of the new Prayer Book is said to be to restore discipline to the Church. I am wondering if it could be explained how that will happen. Let me give a concrete instance. In the days of my youth I often worshipped at two churches, St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road, and St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate. The services then were of the moderate High Anglican type. Now, if anybody goes to either of those churches I defy that person to distinguish the service from that of a Roman Catholic church, and I know that if the new Prayer Book is passed not the slightest change will be made; indeed, the Anglo-Catholics make no secret of their intentions not to give up one iota of their practices. That being so, the restoration of order in the Church would appear to be a long way off.—Yours, &c.,

ALAN HOGG.

Wellington Club, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

May 29th, 1928.

## SEXUAL MORALS AND COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

SIR,—The sexual licence, or licentiousness, of American youth as revealed by Mrs. Ray Strachey in her article in your issue of May 26th, will raise serious thoughts in the minds of all who regard moral purity as essential to family and social well-being.

To justify the new sexual code it will, no doubt, be said that the old morality is out of date, that its sanctions are no longer binding on modern youth in its revolt against convention. Although, perhaps, not so open and avowed, the revolt under similar circumstances might easily assume the same form and aspect here as it does in America. Not many years ago a cry was raised against our boarding schools as foci of immorality.

The importance of the formation of right habits from early youth is urged by both Aristotle and Paley: and this applies to sexual morals (which ought to be included in a school curriculum) no less than to other branches of morality. Is not all high and noble culture essentially moral and spiritual, and prized because it gives not only a higher tone and a broader outlook, but also control over the lower instincts and propensities under the sovereign Reason and Will?

We have made some progress, however. The veil of secrecy which had hitherto surrounded the question of sex has now been thrown aside, and young people as well as adults are now warned as to the dangers of abuse while attention is rightfully directed to the moral aspects of the problem. Sexual appetite, although an enemy to spirituality, is no doubt legitimate; and marriage alone provides the proper conditions for its gratification; while even in this state moderation should be the rule: indeed a frequent mortification of the desire is both salutary and necessary.

Nature and Pantheistic religions in the past have been marked with such wild sexual fancy and grossness that a pure Theism, like that of the Hebrews, may be alone helpful in imparting to us that sage discretion and control of the lower nature so much needed.



Our theory is far higher than that of the pagans, yet a Horace may sometimes put us to shame:—

"Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam.  
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.  
Abstulit Venere et vino."

The appetite has been if anything overloaded by the Creator, possibly for the continuance of the race; and in man, unlike the lower animals, operates at all times. The whirlwind of excitement and pleasure in which we live, the promiscuous assemblages and dances, the low theatres and music-halls, drink and impure literature all tend to stimulate it. Our aim should be not to ignore it, but to control it, and this can best be done by avoiding too rich and stimulating foods, by suitable exercise, and above all by having the mind occupied by high and worthy pursuits, as Jowett has finely said: "wherever we substitute a higher for a lower pleasure we raise men in the scale of creation."

To talk, as some do, of the impossibility of male chastity, and scoff at holy self-control is to the last degree demoralizing and pernicious. If this pestiferous doctrine ever takes hold of the youth and manhood of our nation, we may say farewell to all manly morality and honour, and our state will be worse than that of old paganism.

The free unions or "Companionate Marriages" which, it would appear, many American girls are as eager to experiment in as their mates, can only succeed if there are no children: hence the resort to contraceptive methods and, as it seems, to abortion. But to allow in this full sway to the sexual impulse while at the same time seeking to defeat the Divine ordinances for the procreation of children is wicked and unnatural, and is sure to bring punishment sooner or later. Many of them are suffering already from the effects of abortion.

Armed with this beneficent contraceptive method the girl is prepared for a series of exciting liaisons according to her taste and inclination, until she finally fixes on one with whom it will be best to rear children, although here the union is only temporary and unbinding. But what guarantee is there that the new lover may not deliberately abandon the object of his affections if something more attractive comes in his way? And what sanctifying influences can proceed from such unions? Why therefore seek to legalize them? Marriage in all civilized countries is a legal institution intended to be permanent and binding between the contracting parties, although it may afterwards turn out differently. The rights of the child, moreover, justify the legal aspect of marriage.

This does not imply that our marriage laws are by any means perfect. The rearing of children requires the assiduous care and attention of both parents, which is best secured by the permanence and stability of marriage. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that free unions or Companionate Marriage would heap upon us a vast new load of evil.—

Yours, &c.,

D. HAMILTON.

9, Castle Terrace, Broughty Ferry, Dundee.  
June 4th, 1928.

## CHILDREN'S ALLOWANCES AND THE HOUSING PROBLEM

SIR,—*"Ipswich"* deserves most grateful thanks for calling attention in his letter in the current issue of *THE NATION* to the futility of a national housing policy which entirely disregards the utter inability of the slum-dweller to pay the economic rent of the present subsidy house, and thus leaves the process of "filtering-up" from the slums a mere pious hope.

The Political Research Committee (of which I have the honour to be Hon. Secretary) of the National League of Young Liberals, in the early part of the year spent a good deal of time on the housing problem, looking at it especially from this very angle—namely, how to bring a decent house within the means of the lower-paid worker and so get the slum-dweller out of the slum.

The Committee, in its Report published in February, took the same view as *"Ipswich,"* that the only remedy is to build houses for the slum-dwellers and "charge uneconomic rents within their paying capacity."

The Report was "based on the fundamental assumption that, on moral, social, and economic grounds, the housing of

the people is a national responsibility," and asserted that "a determined attempt must be made to provide adequate housing accommodation for the lower-paid workers." It was agreed that any reduction of the minimum standard of housing established since the War (i.e., houses built twelve to the acre, with adequate floor-space, and having three bedrooms, living-room, bathroom, scullery-kitchen, and their own garden), would be regarded as a national calamity, and the Committee accordingly set out to discover means for bridging the gap between the economic rent of a minimum standard house and the amount which the lower-paid worker can pay, thus bringing these houses within the means of those for whom they were primarily intended.

First, of course, there are the obvious means of reducing the cost of building by rating site values, giving urban authorities a first option on the purchase of all land within their area, and tackling the building rings which artificially maintain the prices of building materials, but these alone, it was agreed, do not go far enough. As Mr. E. D. Simon never ceases to point out, a man who wishes to give his children a better chance in life, and therefore makes the effort to leave the slums for a better house, is immediately penalized by an increase in rates on the top of the increase in rent—though the effect of the change to more healthy conditions is undoubtedly to make the family less, and not more, of a burden on the rates.

To meet this difficulty the Committee proposed that rates should be graduated (on the analogy of taxes) and a flat rate of so much in the £ levied on all houses up to and including the minimum standard, there being thereafter a progressive increase in proportion to the annual value of the house. Thus the rate would be the same on the minimum standard house as on the slum dwelling.

Recognizing that a man's housing needs vary with the number of his children and are greatest when his other family charges are greatest and his ability to pay is consequently least, the Committee, as a third means of bridging the gap, proposed that, since (under the Wheatley Scheme) the expenditure of a very large sum of money in housing subsidy has already been agreed to in principle by Parliament, and since the demand for subsidy houses at their present economic rent is practically met, the money should be utilized immediately for the purpose of bringing down still further the rent of these houses by means of a rebate of so much per head in respect of each dependent child. The Committee realized that this scheme would mean a heavier immediate expenditure, but felt that this would be enormously worth while, since the need for decent housing accommodation is an urgent one which cannot wait till such time as wages rise sufficiently to bring houses at their present rent within the means of all workers, and also taking into account the fact that the State will never get the full return for the millions per annum it spends on Education and the Health Services until it assumes its proper responsibility with regard to Housing.—Yours, &c.,

F. L. JOSEPHY.

26, Froggnal Lane, Hampstead, N.W.3.  
June 4th, 1928.

## WILKIE COLLINS

SIR,—I have for some time had it in my mind to attempt a critical and biographical study of William Wilkie Collins, and am now engaged in collecting the necessary material.

May I, through your valuable columns, ask all those who would be willing to permit access to manuscripts, letters, or papers in their possession, kindly to communicate with me? I need not add that all communications would be treated as confidential.

There is at present no biography or critical estimate of Wilkie Collins in existence, except a small German publication by Wolzogen, and a few magazine and newspaper articles. In view of the present enormous development of the "detective" novel, it seems to be high time that some attempt should be made to estimate the literary value and influence of the earliest (and perhaps the finest) English writer in this genre.—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

24, Great James Street, W.C.1.  
May 25th, 1928.

## THE AUTHOR IN THE THEATRE

By A. A. MILNE.

IN music-halls and places where they laugh a humorous view is taken of a man's relation to his mother-in-law or a husband's to his wife, and one cannot make much headway against the accepted tradition. I wrote a play once in which a character, by profession a pedlar, told an apprehensive audience that he had been happily married for twenty-five years. "But in your profession you must go away from your wife a good deal," commented the Hero, whereat good humour was restored, and the whole house laughed in happy assurance that it saw my point. Unfortunately the pedlar's answer, "Ah, but then I come back to her a good deal," ruined the joke, and left the audience with a disturbed feeling that I was treating the sacred things of life irreverently.

Well, I may have to be irreverent again. It is a hallowed tradition among those who read about the stage that the author is a nonentity in the theatre. "And what are you doing here?" says the Manager or the Producer or the Fireman or even the Call-boy to the nervous little man who is hiding in the gallery. "I'm only the author," is the meek reply. M. Karel Capek would have us believe that he is an author in this great tradition; "not only superfluous, but even deserted"; a figure of fun at rehearsals. On these traditional lines he has made an amusing book\* of his imagined experiences, but he leaves the truth where it was before. We shall have to dig for it. For as Mr. Chesterton has said, popular jokes may not be true to the letter, but they are true to the spirit. The mother-in-law joke means (which is true) that it is difficult to be a nice mother-in-law; the husband-and-wife joke means (which is true) that married life is not easy. What is the truth behind the Despised Author joke? Taken literally, it is absurd, as nobody knows better than M. Capek. Yet the tradition must have sprung from something.

Let us go back a little—to that exciting moment, a year ago perhaps, when our Heroine stepped daintily out of the ink-pot. "Enter Moira Merrilees," we wrote, and wondered how to describe her. She was tall, she was dark, she had that sudden dimple at the left of her mouth—you know?—adorable; and her voice—but no, we cannot hope to describe her voice. It remains the indescribable thing. We hear it as we write—"Oh, there you are, Dennis," said as only she could say it. Dennis replies, I forget what; his voice is not beautiful, but it is his own. One could listen behind the arras, as Mr. Pumphrey will directly, and recognize it. As we write, we see these two, we hear these two, we might be there ourselves, we are there ourselves, for we are Moira and Dennis, and our voice is now beautiful, now resonant, and our dimple comes enchantingly, and we puff at our pipe, and now we are Mr. Pumphrey behind the arras fingering our beard. Can you see them? Can you hear them? Yes. No. Perhaps we are not the artist we thought we were. You can't. Never mind, we can see them, even if we cannot get them down on paper for you.

And then, six months later, we are in the Manager's office wondering who shall play Moira. Traditionally he should be telling us that he has given the part to the incompetent Miss Jukes, because she is his mistress, or the daughter of Mr. Jukes, the cotton king, who is putting up the money, or engaged to him on a three-year contract. Actually, he is saying that he has rung up Miss Wilbraham's agent, and finds that the lady is just going to America. Miss Wilbraham is not really like Moira; there is nobody

like Moira; but she is the nearest we can come to it. However, she sails for America, seeming with each sundering mile just a little more like Moira than before. Well, we shall have to do what we can with Miss Marjolane. She is a beautiful actress, but she has red hair, and even if she sailed for Australia her hair would never seem anything but red. As it happens, she is sailing for Australia, so that is that. "Miss X.?" suggests the Manager tentatively. "Miss Y.?" we hazard doubtfully. Miss Y. is not in the least like Moira, but there is a faint look of Mr. Pumphrey about her, which perhaps is something, and anyhow she is a star of magnitude. However she is also in a nursing-home at the moment; and as Miss X. has just signed a contract with somebody else, we must begin again. Miss Z.? Hopeless, we feel, absolutely hopeless . . . and continue to feel so until we learn that she is on a six-months' tour . . . when she becomes suddenly our last hope gone.

Am I seeming ungracious to those clever, those charming people who have done so much for my plays? I hope not. An author cannot help having, not only admiration, but also, if they will let me say so, a good deal of affection for them. For a month they and he are a little solitary community, with one aim, one hope, and one fear. The outside world hardly exists for them; almost they might be on a desert island together. Impossible to live thus, week after week, sharing jokes and difficulties, doubts and sudden assurances, without feeling more happily intimate with each other than the time alone would seem to warrant. Impossible also for the author, with hourly need to explain by example how this or that should be done, and hourly evidence of his own incompetence to furnish the example, not to feel admiration for those who adorn an art so alien to him. And yet . . . and yet . . . impossible not to feel that God is the only happy dramatist; for he, having thought of his play, can then create the players.

It is not a matter of acting, it is a matter of being. By chance I have just picked up THE NATION and read these words: "Never for an instant is he Mr. Charles Laughton, but always Hercule Poirot." I have seen Mr. Laughton act many times and always admired him . . . but I have also read the six Poirot books. Mr. Laughton is not in the least like Poirot, and if his name had not been on the programme, I should still have known at once that he was Mr. Laughton.

You may say that a man's character does not depend upon his face, and that a personality may be transferred from one face to another without loss. I am not so sure. I told a producer once that, if an author had imagined a character in a blue suit while he was writing the play, and the actor wore a brown suit, the dialogue would all be just a little out of focus. Ridiculous, of course . . . and yet here is something which actually happened. I wrote a scene in which A., off-stage in an imaginary bedroom, talked to B., on-stage in a visible sitting-room. Having written it, I decided that the invisibility of A. might be detrimental to the scene, and I altered the stage directions accordingly, leaving the dialogue (which was unrelated to the position of the characters) as before. Later, the play was sent to the typist, and, later still, it was put into rehearsal. A. and B. played their scene in the way that was indicated in the stage-directions. By-and-by the producer got busy. "Try saying your first line before you come on," he said to A., and A. tried it. The producer and I agreed that this sounded much better. But he was still not happy about it. The next day A.'s second line was also being said off-stage . . . and then the third line . . . and, in the end, A. was playing off-stage in an imaginary bedroom, just as I had supposed when I had written the dialogue. It was then that I made my ridiculous remark to the pro-

\* "How a Play is Produced." By Karel Capek. (Geoffrey Bles. 6s.)



ducer about the blue suit. Was it so ridiculous? Is it so ridiculous to say that a character's looks are woven into the dialogue?

I am trying to explain the position of the author from the author's point of view. To tell me that *Moirra Merrilees*, as conceived by me, is an uninteresting person, and that *Moirra Merrilees*, as played by the beautiful and vital Miss Marjolane, will at least be a real living woman, is irrelevant. I know several people who, as conceived by their mothers, are most uninteresting, but their mothers do not wish me to remodel them. Absurd people, parents, I know; absurd people, authors; our plays, too, absurd. We send our children to boarding-school, being assured by the best authorities that there "the nonsense will be knocked out of them," and absurdly we wonder if they wouldn't be better with the nonsense left in. When we see them again, they will be our children no longer. Our plays, our absurd plays, are ours until we go into the theatre with them; the operating theatre. The operation is necessary; we ourselves have sought it; our child will be a fine young fellow when it is all over. Everybody treats us with sympathy, with kindness, and yet—and yet—well, there comes a lonely moment when we have to go outside, and sit on the stairs.

There, traditionally, the Fireman discovers us.

## THE SCHOOL OF YOUTH

THE most quoted passage in Shakespeare tells us that all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. Having laid down this general truth, the passage goes on to name some of the parts which a man will be called on to play in his time between the cradle and the grave. The picture of a human life which then follows is a sad one. It is true that the speaker of the speech was a pessimist. But there are plenty of pessimists to-day, and we see how the grounds of pessimism have changed. The Shakespearean pessimist looked around him, and could see no fun in life. The modern pessimist looks around him and can see nothing else! That is, indeed, what makes him a pessimist!

Everybody remembers the Shakespearean picture of the schoolboy. It seems that even then he carried a satchel. But we come to the words for which the passage has been chiefly quoted and admired—"creeping like snail unwillingly to school"—and here we find a change. Boys do not go to school like that now. They scorch on bicycles rather than creep like snails. Shakespeare's schoolboy, going perhaps to one of the new grammar schools which had been founded in the reign of Edward VI., approached it much as he would have approached a kennel in which there was a savage dog. Dr. Johnson, living in the next century to Shakespeare, has given us a brief and blunt account of Lichfield Grammar School and of the usher who would call up a boy and ask him the Latin for a candlestick and beat him for not knowing, it being his habit to beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing as for neglecting to know it. Even to the close of the nineteenth century there was still a perceptible smart in school, and, as we toiled up and down the columns of *Butter's Spelling*—as we parsed long sentences till not the smallest fry of a preposition had escaped the mesh of our analysis—as we learned by heart all the towns on the Tees and with equal precision all those on the Guadalquivir—as we rooted and grafted it in our minds that so many grains made a scruple if it was apothecaries' measure, but quite a different number if it was troy—no attempt was ever made to create the illusion that education was any laughing matter.

The present habit in our schools of turning games into work and work into a kind of game does not, I think, date more than some twenty or twenty-five years back. Neither does that concordat between masters and boys under which the master undertakes to be a big boy and the boy to be a little man, and the two exchange between them much cheerful badinage. Once in my own young days one of the masters in the flourishing private school which I then attended in a Lancashire town came to our house to tea. That he was really coming to tea was known for several days before the actual event, and I mentioned the matter with studied unconcern all over the school as showing what *sang-froid* there was in my domestic circle. I had never known him, and indeed hardly conceived of him as existing save on the sanguinary fields of dictation and arithmetic. Seeing him out of school was like seeing a horse from which they have just removed the collar and blinkers. It was the same face but softer, and I perceived for the first time that he had rather nice eyes—this was the judgment of my sisters and it was pronounced when he had gone, but I felt it to be true. All the evening, as I watched him, I was as one moving the heavy furniture of the mind. I moved the heaviest piece when he grovelled on all fours under a chair after the wool which had shot away from somebody's crewel work and presented to the room that view of himself which he had more than once had of me.

I know no greater change in life than this change in our way of looking upon children. I attribute it myself very largely to "Alice in Wonderland." It is said that Rousseau made the French Revolution with a book, and in the same way Lewis Carroll brought about much liberty, equality, and fraternity as between parent and child. In the former generation a child was a little wriggling thing not unlovable for himself, but to be turned as quickly as possible into a Dissenting haberdasher like his father. About everything on the earth and in the skies above the earth, the child knew nothing, and the father everything! We are not so sure about it now! We allow the child a point of view. We have begun to look upon childhood not as a material which is raw, but as a product which is fine and finished—not just as the grammar of life, but as part of its style. I said just now that it was Lewis Carroll who had thus put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree. I myself had the misfortune to miss him. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was my portion and, though mine was by no means one of the modern potted versions, I turned it into a satisfactory book of adventure. For more modern reading I remember a book called "A Peep Behind the Scenes." The purpose of this book, if I recall it rightly, was to spoil any pleasure one might be in danger of taking in dramatic entertainment, by showing that all who took part in it professionally were either very bad or, if not themselves bad, were habitually beaten and bruised by those who were. Experiences which came to me later in life proved this account of the stage to be not wholly true.

Next to the picture of the boy creeping like a snail to school, there is another, and this time it is the lover—"Sighing like a furnace." These are strong words, but there must have been something in them, and I have the feeling that in love as in school, youth suffers less and takes things more lightly than it did. We are beginning to realize that the illnesses of the body have careers and get on or go down in the world just like the people who catch them. Influenza, for an example, has risen in our own time from the lower fourth to the sixth form of complaints and, while influenza has become malignant, love has, I am convinced, become mild—attended with less pain and a lower temperature! Not long ago I was at an evening

party in a private house where I had under my observation two young people who will shortly to my certain knowledge be betrothed. It may be assumed therefore that they are at the height of crisis. But you would never have known it! They manifested no desire whatever for solitude. No better mixers all the evening than they! I saw them in the room set apart for refreshments. It is true he gave her both jelly and lemonade, but, before she had finished either, the band in the ballroom began to croak again, and, taking from her both plate and glass, he jerked his head curtly in the direction of the door and thrust her out.

It was not ever thus! I seem to remember on these occasions a certain decided drift to the conservatory, and, at a dance in a private house, the stairs were always an ascending flight of sentiment. And indeed in the small provincial society which I knew not many years ago, there was always across the wool of our common life the web of several "affairs" the progress and present status of which were well known to us all. You never went to a missionary meeting among us, but you would see either outside or just inside the door, a group of young men who were there in pursuance of the accepted practice of "seeing her home." They were like the footmen outside a house in Mayfair, except that they wore bowler hats and their pipes were smouldering in their overcoat pockets.

In particular, do I recall the sad case of one of the devout lovers who met with no success. The lady did not sufficiently like him! His application seemed never to be finally refused, and there were those among us who held strongly that, interspersed with all his public rebuffs, there must have been some private encouragement. At any rate, the affair went on so long that it became a kind of obbligation to our congregational life. At choir trips and such like he shared the good or the ill fortune of the common climate, but had a private weather all to himself. Nor did he ever know at setting out what it would be like, and, as we came home, you would see him either in the same wagonette with her—occupied in hopeful ingratiations—or shut out—in the other wagonette—hysterically laughing. Are there such cases now? I doubt it. I do not think it could have happened as it did, if the proud empire she established over his mind could have been challenged by a wireless set or by a motor-bicycle or a small car.

HASLAM MILLS.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

AT last it is possible in this country, as it has been anywhere else in the world these five years or so, to see, in English, on the public stage, Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author"; Mr. Ayliff produces it at the Globe. To attempt a criticism on the strength of reading the play in a French translation and seeing this one production of it is to be plunged into the same exasperated fog as besets the "Characters" vis-à-vis the "Producer," and the "Producer" vis-à-vis the "Characters." The real play, which would have been magnificent, one feels, was not there. The acting was good, Miss Dorothy Black, as the Stepdaughter, was even very good. Did Mr. Walter Pearce take too much of a lecturing tone as the Father? He was sincere, but only with the sincerity of a man expounding the binomial theorem; there was nothing of that passionate conviction which should have burnt up the "common-sense" arguments of the "Producer," and surely the "Characters" should either be made so tremendously vital that all the other people on the stage look like cardboard, or else be stylized into something non-human? At the Globe, everybody was made of the same stuff, and we simply had an expression of bewilderment all round. There were awful moments when one felt that the

whole problem turned on practical minutiae of stage management, and that the "Characters" should have been accommodated with a novel. The best minutes were the plain story parts: the Stepdaughter's scene with the Father, and the Son's speeches at the beginning of the Third Act.

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"The Squeaker," Mr. Edgar Wallace's new thriller at the Apollo, may be reckoned a success. I unfortunately arrived ten minutes late, thereby missing the first scene. But this may have been a good thing, as it shrouded subsequent "happenings" in a certain amount of mystery. A great deal of the action is very ingenious, and the scenes are enlivened by some really novel stage-management. Mr. Edgar Wallace does not, for my taste, distinguish adequately between a good joke and a bad one; but his dialogue is often racy. The best scene is situated at the entrance of a really rather dashing night-club, which boasts a fine collection of Chinese paintings. Mr. Harry Wenman gave a first-rate interpretation of the porter, who was also the committee and the proprietor.

\* \* \*

None of the adventuresses of my acquaintance bears the slightest resemblance to Julie Marlowe, the heroine of "Out of the Blue," Dr. Noel Shammon's new play at the St. Martin's Theatre, nor has any business man within my ken even behaved like Sir James Hadlow, her "master," if one may use the word as the masculine of mistress. I do not say that these people have no counterpart on earth, but the fact that they seem utterly unhuman to me renders incredible a play in which, I take it, I am expected to believe as being a potentially true story. Perhaps Dr. Shammon is not entirely to blame, for the two parts are played—by Miss Norah Blaney and Mr. O. B. Clarence—"for amusement only," as they say on Brighton pier, and their respective niches in life would probably not be particularly amusing. For the rest, Mr. Cecil Brooking wisely plays a stage clergyman as all stage clergymen are played when their parts are written as stage clergymen, the same, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to Miss Madge Snell's *grande dame*, and the fact that Sir James does not immediately sack his secretary (Miss Adela Ferguson) merely confirms my impression that he is an unbusinesslike business man. The one distinguished performance is that of Mr. Arthur Aubrey as a stage cynic. Mr. Aubrey has a knack of "putting over" trite epigrams which nullifies their triteness, and that is a rare gift. His technique reminded me irresistibly of that of Mr. Noel Coward.

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"Whispering Gallery," the new thriller at the Garrick, is about the most immaturely written play I have ever seen performed in a West End theatre. The curtain on the second night rose at 8.40. There was a short prologue, in which a fairly workmanlike murder was committed. Then nothing else happened until exactly 9.30, the time being filled in by dialogue which combined irrelevance to the story, or rather to what one had been led by the prologue to suppose would be the story, with the quintessence of schoolboy facetiousness. Then followed a few more murders and thrills, none of them in the least thrilling; and so to bed. One of the characters was played by a gentleman who, I should not be surprised to hear, had never appeared before on the professional stage, and the rest seemed all the sadder for being competently acted.

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Mr. W. Johnstone-Douglas, who is producing a season of Light Opera at the Court Theatre, has revived Mozart's delightful "Cosi fan tutte." The opera is the same, both in cast and in production, as was enjoyed during the London season of last year. Unfortunately, it is running only to the end of this week, but it is to be followed by a Triple Bill including "The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains" (a scene from "Pilgrim's Progress"); "The Puppet Show of Master Pedro" (an episode from "Don Quixote"). These two little operas have not yet been seen on the stage in London, but I am told they achieved



remarkable success at Bristol. The third is a Schubert *Singspiel*, "The Faithful Sentinel," a little comedy which has been played in Germany, but has never been seen or heard in England yet. It has been specially translated by Mr. Steuart Wilson and should prove a great attraction, especially as Miss Dorothy Silk and Miss Astra Desmond are to appear in it.

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An irreparable loss to the nation has been averted by the generosity of an anonymous benefactor, who has purchased, for £90,000, the Macpherson Collection of naval and maritime prints and presented it to the new Nautical Museum which is being formed at Greenwich. The collection, which comprises over 11,000 items, is literally unique both in its comprehensiveness and its quality. For many years Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson has been adding and pruning, throwing out inferior specimens and replacing them by prints of finer state and condition, until the collection has become almost as interesting to the connoisseur of the engraver's art as to the student of maritime history. Nevertheless its historical surpasses even its artistic value. As a record of old ships, of naval actions, exploration, and trade, and of great seaports in their early stages of development it is unequalled and unapproached. A month ago it seemed only too probable that it must either be broken up, or follow so many of our art and historical treasures to the United States. Fortunately, Mr. Macpherson himself was among those most anxious to prevent this disaster, and his handsome offer to accept a price £30,000 lower from a British than from a foreign buyer has met with as handsome a response.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Saturday, June 9th.—

Myra Hess and Jelly d'Aranyi, Sonata Recital, Queen's Hall, 8.

Sunday, June 10th.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Testaments of Shaw and Wells," South Place, 11.

Repertory Players in "Chance," by Mrs. Mary Fox Davies, at the Strand.

Kreisler, Royal Albert Hall, 8.

Monday, June 11th.—

"The Master Builder," at the "Q" Theatre.

Film—"The Street," at the Avenue Pavilion.

Oriana Madrigal Society's Concert, Æolian Hall, 8.15. A Dramatic version with Scenery and Costumes of "Hiawatha," by the Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, 8 (June 11th-23rd).

North London Players in "Why My Lord Comes Home," by Miss Brenda E. Spender, at the Alexandra Palace Theatre.

Tuesday, June 12th.—

A Short Address by Dr. Herbert Bury on the League of Nations, at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, 12.45.

The Theatrical Garden Party, Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea, 3.

Ernest Hutchinson, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

"Marjolaine," by Louis N. Parker, at the Gaiety.

"Running Wild," by Oscar Sheridan and Hubert W. David, at the Carlton.

Triple Bill at the Court.

The Hawthornden Prize Presentation, Æolian Hall, 5.30.

Wednesday, June 13th.—

The English Singers' Concert, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

"The Return," by John van Druten, at the Playhouse.

Thursday, June 14th.—

Adila Fachiri, Friedrich Wührer, Harold Dahlquist, Schubert Concert, Wigmore Hall, 5.30.

Friday, June 15th.—

Sir Henry Newbolt on "The Idea of an English Association," Bedford College, 5.30.

Virtuoso String Quartet, Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.25.

Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

OMICRON.

1985

"Yes, the last war—he fought in it." "How queer—  
Seventy years away!  
Does he talk of it?" "No, now he cannot hear,  
He sits and dreams all day."

Nought breaks that stillness—only a ghostly thunder  
Throbs on from oversea;  
He that once heard high heaven split in sunder,  
Sees doors slam noiselessly.

Silent as death the living feet around him,  
As dead the living seem.  
But his dead are living: those he lost have found him,  
Peopling a lonely dream.

Faces are there for fifty years forgotten,  
Days of old wind and rain:  
Flowers that draped a parapet and bones long rotten  
For a last time live again.

As each night falls, old fancies turn to mould it,  
Old memories come home;  
Once more across the down gleams, dusk-enfolded,  
The white road to Bapaume.

The world grows dark; that stumbling pulse beats quicker,  
Brighter those dull eyes shine:  
Lights in the street for him are flares afflicker  
Far down the glimmering line.

And there, as then, one face past love or-hating,  
Known well and yet unknown,  
A phantom, yet no phantom, Death stands waiting  
To claim at last his own;

A figure long forgot, yet not unkindly,  
Rather an ancient friend,  
Faced long ago with open eyes, not blindly,  
In the beginning as the end,

Round whom cling now the memories of a boy,  
Golden and far away  
As the morn a thousand galleys bound for Troy  
Swept out of Aulis bay.

F. L. LUCAS.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE ATHENÆUM, JUNE 11TH, 1828.

HENRY HUNT

MR. HENRY HUNT is in France, and, in the absence of other novelties, has produced a *sensation* in Paris, nearly equal to what the Cossack once did in London. He is termed there "*Le Sterne Radical*"; and, while he endeavours to render himself prominent to men's notice, his books, actions, and sayings, are daily recorded, and served up for the amusement of the Parisians. In comparing the capitals of France and England, preference of praise is bestowed upon the former by the boot-polishing orator; and the *ladies* of the *Marché aux Herbes* have been thrown into extacies by his unbounded approbation of their *asparagus*, the greatness of their size, and the smallness of their price. His assertion "that there are more shops deserted and unoccupied in one street of London than in all Paris, Rouen, St. Germain, and Dieppe," has reconciled to him the political and commercial interest of the French metropolis; and, it is hoped, that he will further gratify the Parisians, by appearing on the stage of the English Theatre!

### Remarkable Artist

One of the candidates at present for the prize in the Parisian Academy of Painting, is a young man named Du Cornet, who was born without arms, and has on each foot but three toes, with which he paints, and excellently well too. He has already gained *two medals* for his former productions.

## OPERAS.

**LYRIC THEATRE.** Hammersmith. Riverside 3012.  
EVENINGS, at 8.30. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.  
"LOVE IN A VILLAGE."  
An 18th century Comic Opera, by Bickerstaffe.

## THEATRES.

**ALDWYCH.** (Gerrard 2304-5.)  
Last Nights, at 8.15.  
"THARK."  
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

**COURT** (Sloane 5137). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. LIGHT OPERA IN ENGLISH.  
Mozart's "COSI FAN TUTTE." (This Week Only.)  
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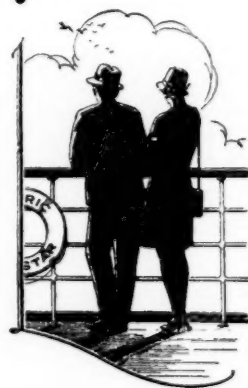
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## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

### CIVILIZATION

MANY people will be annoyed and many will be amused by "Civilization," by Clive Bell (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.), but the reader, whatever be his emotional reaction, will at least be compelled to think. Mr. Bell is a wonderful organizer of intellectual greyhound racing tracks: his principal merit as a writer is that he starts innumerable hares. And the hares that he starts have this charming peculiarity, that the unwary reader who goes in pursuit finds only too often that they have a sting in the tail. It is true that Mr. Bell is himself so civilized that even his hare is artificial and runs by electricity, and that, being something of a barbarian, I should like sometimes to get my teeth into the real thing, but to write such a fresh and readable book on the subject of civilization is a feat of which he may well be proud and for which we may well be grateful.

Despite the danger, I propose to pursue some of Mr. Bell's hares and try to grasp them firmly by the tail. "What," Mr. Bell asks himself, "is civilization?" and before his book is finished, he has answered his question with commendable clearness. Civilization is to be found, he says, only in a small society of leisured persons, of non-producers, who pursue pleasure guided only by reason and a sense of values. The civilized man is not the creator, the artist, or the thinker, but the appreciator and critic, the man of taste and good manners, the drone in the human hive, who thrills with exquisite, but not too serious, sensibility to the right sort of pleasures, the "Symposium" of Plato, a landscape of Cézanne, or an "exquisitely civilized *demi-mondaine*." Mr. Bell holds that in all societies which are by common consent considered to have been civilized the civilization has been confined to a small number of leisured people of this kind, that a small number of persons in the ranks just below "Society" have been slightly permeated by the civilization of those above them, while the vast mass of the population has remained barbarous. And Mr. Bell gives reasons for believing that such will probably always be the case.

Mr. Bell is, of course, perfectly entitled to call a certain type of society civilization and a certain kind of man civilized, and, if that were all he professed to mean, I should have no quarrel with him. But he obviously means much more than that: he means that there is a certain quality or kind of society which both he and I and you call civilization, and he proposes by analysis to show us its nature and the conditions of its existence. And when he does that, we are entitled to call his method of analysis and his conclusions in question. Both his method and his assumptions are wrong and are bound to lead to wrong conclusions. He assumes, for instance, that no characteristic of what he calls a non-civilized society can be a characteristic of a civilized society, and he then pretends to show us what civilization is not, by running through certain characteristics of non-civilized society. But a civilized society may be—in fact, I think, it certainly is—a kind of society with the characteristics  $a$  plus  $b$  plus  $c$  plus  $d$  plus  $x$ . No society is fully civilized which has not all the characteristics, and a society which has three may be more civilized than a society which has only two. Also a society

which Mr. Bell calls barbarous may have some characteristics essential to a civilized society.

This initial muddle leads Mr. Bell into all kinds of untenable positions. For instance, having taken the negative side of civilization in barbarous societies, he then turns to its positive characteristics, which he proposes to show by analyzing three kinds of society, the Athenian, the Renaissance Italian, and that of eighteenth-century France. He assumes that everyone will agree with him that these three societies represent the high-water mark of civilization. It is an assumption which he has no right to make. Eighteenth-century France had some of the characteristics of civilization, but, on the other hand, it had many characteristics of a barbarous society. The society of England in the year 1928 is still in many respects barbarous, but, taking it all in all, it is slightly more civilized than that of Paris in 1761. Mr. Bell tells us about the salons, and the fine ladies and fine manners, and about Voltaire and Diderot; he says nothing about  $b$  plus  $c$  plus  $d$  plus  $x$ . It happened that while reading Mr. Bell, I read a very interesting book, "The Case of Jean Calas" (Heinemann, 6s.), in which Mr. F. H. Maugham, K.C., examines the evidence in the famous Calas case of 1761. In that book he reprints in full the report of the magistrates describing the torture and execution of Jean Calas on March 10th, 1762. Mr. Bell argues that no society can be civilized which tolerates the existence of the Cavell statue at the bottom of Charing Cross Road, and I am inclined to agree with him; but a society which tolerated, as part of its judicial system, the scene of torture which took place in the Place Saint-Georges in Toulouse was infinitely more uncivilized. It is no good for Mr. Bell to reply that Voltaire at Ferney was protesting against torture and the execution of Calas; he himself is continually protesting against the Cavell statue. Civilization must consist of something more than protests against barbarities.

The kind of society which Mr. Bell likes and calls civilized is certainly civilized, though it bears little resemblance, in fact, to that of Athens in the fourth century, of Italy during the Renaissance, or of France in the eighteenth century. But to hold it out as the alpha and omega of civilization is to take much too narrow and parochial a view of the world and of history. Civilization can vary both in quantity and in quality. The England of 1928 is more civilized than the France of 1761, and differs qualitatively from it, because the ingredients of civilization and of barbarism are mixed in different proportions in the two societies. To rule out and ignore the social barbarism of the one or the artistic barbarism of the other results in a distorted view of civilization and a lop-sided view of history. The reactions of the human mind to art, women, and conversation are extremely important, but they are not the only mental reactions which count from the point of view of civilization. Socrates, for instance, seems to me to have been a highly civilized man, but I do not believe that if Mr. Bell had met him in the flesh, either would have recognized the other as civilized.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## NEW NOVELS

**The Woman Who Rode Away.** By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

**The House with the Echo.** By T. F. POWYS. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

**Day's End.** By H. E. BATES. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

**The Grierson Mystery.** By LLOYD OSBOURNE. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

**Farewell to Youth.** By STORM JAMESON. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

**The Beast with Five Fingers, and Other Stories.** By WILLIAM FRYER HARVEY. (Dent. 6s.)

**The Pure in Heart.** Translated from the French of J. KESSEL. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

It is very difficult to say anything new about Mr. D. H. Lawrence, but he is one of the few living English novelists about whom it is worth while to say anything at all. He reminds me of Van Gogh. He has the same natural feeling for the material in which he works; he builds up his pages with vivid contrasted tones analogous to the plaited brushwork of the painter. He has more imagination than critical sense. If he likes a phrase, he will keep repeating it, just as Van Gogh will spoil a picture by a reiteration of a spiral form which caught his fancy. And in both of them the missionary often obliterates the artist. The result is a similar inequality in their work. Mr. Lawrence has written some magnificent short stories, but never a satisfactory novel, unless it was his first. "Women in Love," "The Plumed Serpent," and the others all contain fine passages interspersed with nonsense. I think that actually the proportion of good writing is higher in his stories. He has his idea, and ends when it is exhausted. But in any case the weaker tales can be discarded, and there remain in "The Ladybird," "England, My England," and his new book, "The Woman Who Rode Away," enough superb things to situate him among our few living Aces.

There are two ways of setting about a short story. You may use an incident to depict a character, or you may dispense with characterization and invest your incident with some universal significance as a comment on life. Mr. Lawrence is not greatly interested in the individual character. The instincts common to human beings are his material, and the beauty of the external world. He has a number of theories about life and behaviour which excite his imagination and remain in his best work implicit. But when he tries to expound them he stammers and stumbles, and succeeds only in persuading his readers that he is incapable, as well as distrustful, of clear thought. His preoccupation is principally with the non-intellectual sympathies and antipathies which govern human relationships. The scientists have little or nothing to say on the subject. Why does Aglaia excite our compassion, Belinda our disgust? Why does the beauty of Cynthia drive us into follies, while that of Doris excites only a cold admiration? Why is it a comfort merely to be in the room with Eugenius while we avoid like the plague Flavius, who has a pleasanter voice, better looks, and a more interesting mind? Mr. Lawrence thinks, or thought, that the solar plexus has something to do with it. The adrenal or thyroid gland would provide an equally good and equally bad explanation. His favourite words, "dark" and "deep," however often repeated, do little to help our understanding. Where most novelists are content to use the more explicable sides of human relation as their material, it is Mr. Lawrence's struggle to express our most deeply hidden impulses which lands him in such difficulties. For this exploitation of the subconscious is perilous work. In France, for instance, it has led almost a whole generation of writers into a wilderness of obscure phraseology. "A man has to be in love in his thighs, the way you ride a horse," says one of Mr. Lawrence's characters, "why don't we stay in love that way all our lives? Why do we turn into corpses with consciousness?" The reader may find it very tiresome of an artist to have a message, but some of the greatest have, in fact, been convinced that they had one: in time the message is neglected, and the work of art to which it stood midwife remains. I think the centre of Mr. Lawrence's message is this, "Do not let your consciousness kill you," and I do not think that it is nonsense, though his elaborations on the theme and attempts to expound it often are. The

development of human consciousness is the most important fact in history, though every historian has neglected it. And this quarter of a century has, I believe, seen one of the crises of this development. The consciousness of intelligent Europeans has expanded suddenly, and perhaps too fast. Mr. Lawrence's protests against this are as futile as those of old ladies against aeroplanes and cavalry commanders against poison gas. We suffer from consciousness; we cannot destroy it. It may dry up the springs of poetry, incapacitate us for lasting love, make us a generation without energy to create, or conviction to endure the vanity of life. But we cannot go back. Man has come upon other crises and escaped upon the other side. It seems likely that he will do so again. If Mr. Lawrence's advice is useless, at least he has put the problem. And in any case, we can, forgetting it, enjoy the myths he has imagined, "Sun," "None of That," "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman," "Glad Ghosts," and, best of all, "The Woman Who Rode Away"—one of the most impressive stories, I think, in contemporary literature.

Mr. T. F. Powys's tales are shorter, and in every way far less significant. They are rustic grotesques, fluent caricatures of beings labelled Mr. Calamy, Mr. Cobb, Mr. Dottery, Mr. Croot, Mr. Balliboy, Mr. Topp, Mr. Hayball, Carter Beer, Mr. Moggs, Mrs. Fancy, Squire Duffy, and Sexton Truggin—human animals who struggle upon the clay till death comes and wraps them tight in it. There is less brutality in it than in most of Mr. Powys's books, and in at least one story, "I came as a Bride," there is beauty. But his vision of the countryside has become almost stereotyped. He took one look at it (you might say), and his art stood still.

The plot of "The Grierson Mystery" depends on a letter left with instructions that it is not to be opened for a year after the writer's death; why, the book does not reveal. The only reason seems that without them the book could not have been written. But if Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is not a master of plot, the actual writing of the book shows him faithful to R. L. Stevenson's tradition of craftsmanship. After the choppy movement of most thrillers, the smooth going of Mr. Osbourne's style comes as a delight.

Miss Storm Jameson's novel is vastly better than the other books I have read by her. She has chastened her style, and the story strikes one as sincere. There are convincing pictures of the Front, and, apart from the annoyingly perfect heroine, the characters have life.

Mr. Bates's talent is difficult to define. He keeps himself well in the background in the best-mannered way. Yet he never reminds one of any particular writer. He does not often attempt to characterize his figures: they are just human beings in the common tragic situations of life, childbirth, unhappy love, illness and old age, death. And round them is the English countryside, in painting which Mr. Bates makes continual and deliberate use of the pathetic fallacy, so that the struggles and sufferings of man may appear part of a universal rule, to which also the clouds and trees obey. I recommend "Day's End" to lovers of quiet writing and the eternal verities.

"The Beast with Five Fingers" is a collection of stories almost all of which contain supernatural happenings. In their sort they are remarkably good.

"The Pure in Heart" contains translations anonymous, but able, of Monsieur Kessel's novel "L'Equipage" and his book of short stories called "Les Cœurs purs." The stories which are concerned with the savage inhabitants of County Cork and the Cossack country, are vivid journalism; the novel a remarkable work, which expresses contemporary sensibility in the traditional technique of Maupassant and Bourget. The plot is as neat as a new shoe. A French flying squadron during the war provides protagonists and chorus. Two members of it who fly together as pilot and observer become bound, by dangers faced together, in a tie as close as a human relationship can be. They describe to each other the very different women whom they love, the one his pure, remote wife, the other his impulsive, passionate mistress. And they are the same woman. The book ends fatally with the younger man's death, and the husband and wife reunited in their common sorrow. Monsieur Kessel describes air fighting and states of mind equally well. "Pilot and Observer" has no pretensions to "greatness": it is moving and utterly accomplished.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.



## LITTLE CREATURES

**Words and Poetry.** By G. H. W. RYLANDS. (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.)

MAY we divide literary critics into two classes, the first of which is occupied with criticism, while the second falls back upon literature? Criticism is, no doubt, a great and a growing concern; at once a science and a morality, it takes us alternately into the laboratory and the catacomb, now it measures and dissects and applies scalpels and standards; now, with a change of manner, "but this is not all," it says, and urges us to search our own hearts and become better men in consequence of what we have learnt. But it has one defect: it is apt to part company with the text, and to lead us into a region which is very spiritual but has no connection with what we have read. For literature is composed of texts, not of Shakespeare and Milton and other authors, nor even of "Hamlet" and "Paradise Lost" and other works, but of texts, words, "little creatures," as Mr. Strachey here calls them in his introduction, words such as:—

"To be or not to be, that is the question,"

or:—

"Of man's first disobedience and the sin"—

words variously arranged, seldom exceeding six syllables in length, usually measuring only one or two. And it is the strength of Mr. Rylands's work that he touches words and causes us to touch them with a sensation almost physical, that he passes strings of quotations through our hands so as to thrill them pleasurably, that he falls back upon literature, not as if it was a subject, but as if it was a meadow in which, lying prone, he numbers the individual flowers. He cannot see the field of flowers, perhaps; that may be true. He certainly cannot generalize, and when he attempts to do so (as on page 117, last paragraph) his work goes dead. It leaps into life the instant it rejoins the text and can touch "moon" or "glory" or the Miltonic adjective or the Shakespearian half-line or Housman's use of sibilants. Here is his kingdom, and it is not a petty one because of the sensitiveness with which he rules it. A series of notes (and this is essentially a note book despite some constructional stitchery) may lead us further into literature than the most profound of examinations, the loftiest of conclusions. When we close the notes we do not feel "what a wonderful critic" or "how marvellous is Shakespeare" or "what a worm am I." The text, the text, glows out—new sentences have been sighted, old sentences have gained an unexpected beauty.

Let us take, for example, his note on Shakespeare's use of the word "perdition." "Perdition" is a Latinism, and to the earlier Shakespeare Latinisms seemed absurd: "Love's Labour's Lost" is full of their discomfiture. "Perdition" first appears in "Henry V.," in the draggled prose of a Welsh soldier: "The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great." Sir Toby Belch, the drunkard, next wields it: "This shall end without the perdition of souls," followed by "Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you"—a remark which is made by Hamlet, but by Hamlet when he is parrying and paralleling the imperitances of a court official. Hitherto the word is a butt. But with "Troilus and Cressida" it enters poetic diction:—

"Bifold authority, where reason can revolt  
Without perdition."

And in "Othello" comes another change. "Perdition" re-enters prose, but (Mr. Rylands shows) Shakespeare now takes prose seriously; it is a leading feature of the mature style, and "importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet," contains no touch of the grotesque. And so we reach the apotheosis, the beacon-height of passion on to which the word is raised to burn for ever:—

"Perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee";

followed by the agony of the handkerchief:—

"To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition  
As nothing else could match."

In the latest plays we get:—

"Commend them and condemn them to her service  
Or to their own perdition";

and:—

"Not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any,"

and:—

"Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once."

And in these latest plays (runs the argument) style is everything: fortified by his conquests in prose Shakespeare has returned to poetry, but not to the poems of his youth; his pleasures in absurdity, love-making, character-drawing, dramatic construction, have all faded; nothing survives but the pleasure of words, and "perdition" exists for the light that it can give to, or can receive from, its little neighbours.

There is—at least to the present reviewer—a helpfulness in this sort of commentary which is absent from more pretentious studies. It sends us back to the texts, it starts us commenting on our own. One would like, for instance, to add a note on "boat," centering round Shelley, Or a note on the conglomeration and explosion of adjectives in G. M. Hopkins—whom Mr. Rylands does not quote. Or a note on the words for young human beings of both sexes in poetry; why should the female words, "maiden," "virgin," "lass," and even "girl," be poetical, while "lad," "youth," "boy," and "chap," always seem awkward, even when handled with the fastidiousness of Housman? But to write notes on poetry one requires the sensitiveness of Mr. Rylands, the sensitiveness of a poet; one vibration too little or too much, and the result is an edition for schools.

E. M. F.

## PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

**Degas, an Intimate Record.** By AMBROISE VOLLARD. Translated by R. T. WEAVER. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

ONE feels a certain family resemblance between Degas and the subjects of M. Vollard's two previous books, "Renoir" and "Cézanne." It is not so much because M. Vollard has a talent for selecting those traits of character which are most capricious or odd, as because all three of these painters were defending throughout their lives something which the ordinary public finds slightly laughable when taken with complete seriousness. They retaliated, though in individual ways, by an almost exaggerated profession of their sentiments, and by assuming an irresponsibility and indifference to the commoner preoccupations of life even greater than that natural to men with a vocation. Even in their transparent pretences to being practical men—Cézanne going down to the river to wash his brushes because the water in his jug was frozen; Degas, in his littered room, pouncing upon a crumb of confetti and burning it with a fierce "I don't like disorder"—they are really only emphasizing the distance between themselves and the philistine.

To Degas art was much more important than people. He could not even bring himself to marry, because "I should have been in mortal misery all my life for fear my wife should say to me 'That's a pretty little thing,' when I had finished a picture." Art to him was something not to be played with, nor scarcely even to be enjoyed by the profane multitude. "Art is always a luxury, isn't it?" someone once said to him. "Yours, perhaps," retorted Degas. "Mine is an absolute necessity." Astonished to discover that a seller of walking-sticks was aware which of two canes was in the better taste, he came out of the shop wrapped in thought, and said, "Where will it ever end? The other day I actually saw a little girl playing with a paint-box. The idea of giving such things to a child!"

In spite, or perhaps because of, his intense and subtle powers of observation, Degas detested the principles of the pleinairistes, and did almost all of his landscapes indoors. "Look at Rouart," he grumbled, "who painted a water-colour on the edge of a cliff. Art is not a sport!" A flannel vest spread on the floor served him for a sea beach, and little model horses for his Longchamp pieces. "You can't turn a live horse round to get the proper effects of light."

The sixteen reproductions of Degas's pictures included in this book have been very well chosen, and the French text is adequately translated by Mr. R. T. Weaver.

### MEDIAEVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MEDIAEVAL RELIGION

**Art and the Reformation.** By G. G. COULTON. (Blackwell. 25s.)  
**Life in the Middle Ages.** Selected, Translated, and Annotated by G. G. COULTON. Vol. I.—**Religion, Folk-Lore, and Superstition.** (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.)

It is a piece of unexampled good fortune to have two books from Dr. Coulton's pen in one year; but here, hard on the heels of "Five Centuries of Religion," Vol. II., comes a new work on mediæval art, to say nothing of a volume of extracts from mediæval sources, translated with his usual felicity. The latter needs only a brief introduction to the reader. Many years ago Dr. Coulton published a book called "A Mediæval Garner," which was a selection of extracts illustrating all aspects of mediæval life, and a quite incomparable bed-book. But it was a little cumbersome to hold, and has, moreover, long been out of print, and it was therefore a happy idea on the part of Dr. Coulton and the Cambridge University Press to reissue it, with additions and extra illustrations, in four small and convenient volumes, of which this is the first.

"Art and the Reformation" has grown out of Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston in the spring of 1923, and it is certainly one of the best things which Dr. Coulton has done. The object of the book may be expressed in some words of Ramé's, which he quotes with approval, concerning the necessity for archæology to develop textual and monumental study side by side, so that each may control the other and new light may be thrown on the progress and development of art. Dr. Coulton describes his work as an attempt to provide a source-book on the development of Romanesque and Gothic art (and more particularly architecture and sculpture) during the period between 1000 and 1600. This involves two closely related studies. On the one hand, the book states and sustains a certain thesis on the relation of mediæval art to mediæval religion, and argues that art was less definitely religious in origin and inspiration than is commonly believed and that the decline of Gothic architecture was not due, as is taught by scholars like Mâle or merely intuitive archæologists like Cram, to the Reformation, but was a much more gradual process, in which the Renaissance was the final factor. On the other hand, Dr. Coulton brings together a mass of material to illustrate the financial and technical side of mediæval building, full of interesting information about master builders, wandering freemasons, and masons' guilds, and giving a graphic picture of all the people who were responsible for the great cathedrals, whether as patrons, builders, or worshippers therein.

The main thesis of the book must be admitted to be abundantly proved, the more so as Dr. Coulton shows a studious (and rather unwonted) moderation in sustaining it. He is the last man to deny that religion played its part in the inspiration of mediæval ecclesiastical architecture (he observes that lay architecture is usually passed over by the supporters of the theory which he is opposing); and he is himself warmly responsive to the ennobling appeal of the great cathedrals. But he points out with justice that a great deal of sentimental nonsense has been written about the essentially religious character of Gothic architecture by writers unacquainted with mediæval historical sources. It has been commonly believed (mostly on the authority of Montalembert) that the early monks were themselves frequently artists and builders, that the builders of the cathedrals were inspired as they built by an unsleeping consciousness of their religious function, and that the churches themselves were full, from window to gargoyle, of an ordered symbolism by which the Church sought to instruct her children; finally that it was the Reformation, violently rending the seamless garment of the Catholic Church, which ended both the inspiration and the capacity to clothe it in stone.

Now it is perfectly true that the monks did much for architecture; after all, it was the Cluniacs, for whom in the eleventh century there arose that "white garment of churches," which in a sense marked the end of the Dark Ages; but they served it as patrons, not as builders, and all through the Middle Ages religion and architecture are closely connected in this relation. Again, it is perfectly true that there is a genuine and splendid religious inspiration in such

cathedrals as Amiens and Chartres; but, making full allowance for this, it is necessary to remember how much of the beauty arises out of practical problems of craftsmanship, to which the architect, whatever his faith, must devise some answer; there is a great deal more matter-of-factness about the cathedrals than is sometimes believed. There is much also to be said for the view, which Dr. Coulton shares with Professor Lethaby, that the inspiration of Gothic comes as much from the forest-bred genius of the Germanic races as from the Roman faith; he has an engaging passage, in which he tries to imagine what would have happened "if polytheism had won," and doubts if the development of architecture would have greatly differed. As for the fancy picture of the religious mason, it must go the way of the twin picture of the artistic gildsman, who always made everything beautifully and never scamped his work. Mediæval masons and all other mediæval craftsmen were exactly like modern workmen; some were honest, some dishonest; they had precisely the same tendency to produce careless work, and they were equally interested in their financial remuneration.

Some of the most interesting chapters in this book are devoted to a study of mediæval symbolism, in which Dr. Coulton shows that it was by no means an ordered and coherent system, but was born as much from the mind of the people as from that of the Church; here, as in the cult of the Virgin, popular story-telling outran orthodox dogma, and he has an interesting passage on the legend of St. Nicholas in illustration of this, as well as an illuminating discussion of the exact limits within which the statement that the parish church, with its wealth of sculpture, windows and wall paintings, was an adequate "poor man's Bible," is true. Finally, as to the relation of the Reformation to the decline of Gothic architecture, Dr. Coulton describes the early Puritan reaction, by such leaders of the Church as St. Bernard, against the magnificence of that architecture, and the vandalism, which was as pronounced in the Middle Ages as later. He shows that in the course of the last two centuries of the Middle Ages the growth of capitalism and standardization was already bringing about the decline of

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Gothic, the development of the Perpendicular style ("the maximum of effect at the minimum of cost in thought, labour, and money") and the increase of contractors and uninspired "shop work." The changing taste of the Renaissance, not the changing faith of the Reformation, was the last step in a slow and perfectly natural process. Dr. Coulton's general conclusion is contained in a singularly beautiful final chapter, reflective and mellow like an autumn sunset. This art, he says, "was, in the main, the achievement of the common man, with whom it had been a toss-up whether he ploughed the land and made your bread or stitched the leather and made your shoes or made you these cathedrals. It was a product not of any part of the age alone, but of the whole age, of all humanity at that time"; and, for its relation to the Christian faith, "in every religion there are things deeper even than the sacraments, and these deeper things are common to all true faith."

There is no space in this review to do more than indicate the charm and interest of the other aspects of this book, in which the personnel and training of the mediæval masons, their wages, their guilds, their wandering life, and their patrons are described. Part at least of its charm is due to the fact that Dr. Coulton is as well equipped on the archaeological as on the textual side. He has a wide personal knowledge of many French and English churches, and has lovingly studied their detail, and this familiarity is excellently illustrated in a fascinating chapter on masons' marks, and another, in which he traces the wander-year of certain Norfolk masons and in the whole of the section on symbolism. He is very happy, too, when he turns from the nameless artists and builders to the men who have written about their art, or set their names proudly on their work, as in the chapter entitled "Four Self-Characterizations," in which he allows four men to speak for themselves—the German monk Theophilus, who wrote a treatise on divers arts and died about 1120; the French architect Villard de Honcourt (d. c. 1260), who left his sketch book behind him; the Italian painter Cennino Cennini (d. c. 1450); and the great Albrecht Dürer himself. The value of the book is throughout enhanced by a lavish collection of well-chosen and well reproduced illustrations. Every historian, every architect, and everyone interested in our beautiful cathedrals will want to possess it as quickly as possible.

EILEEN POWER.

### THE MADMAN OF THE NORTH

Charles XII. of Sweden: A Study in Kingship. By the Hon. EVELINE GODLEY. (Collins. 12s. 6d.)

MISS GODLEY has written an extremely sensible, unaffected life of Charles XII. based on the latest Swedish authorities and on contemporary memoirs, which should enjoy a good measure of success. Nothing has been written in English on Charles XII., and Voltaire's famous classic is hardly an accurate history book, so that Miss Godley has the field to herself.

She frankly eschews the fields of diplomacy and concentrates on the man. She must be accounted wise in her choice, as the diplomacy that followed the War of the Spanish Succession and the death of Louis XIV. is the most complicated and sterile in all European history. Miss Godley builds her story, then, round Charles and Peter, the sham great man and the real one, and only brings in the "State of Europe" when it is absolutely necessary to make her plot clear.

As the authoress truly says, Charles was a strange portent in the Age of Reason. He was left over from the Middle Ages, and his affinities are with Richard Cœur de Lion and the Black Prince. For him fighting was an end, never a means. Hence he cuts a poor figure beside Peter the Great, who, for all his Muscovite barbarism, was in many ways a modern of the moderns, and never got confused between means and ends. In fact, the struggle between Charles and Peter recalls that between Charles the Bold and Louis XI; chivalry collapses before intellect in each case. Neither Charles broke treaties or ran away in battle. Louis and Peter did both with triumphant success.

Miss Godley brings out very well the essential absurdity of Charles. He was quite unworthy of the universal

symbolism with which Dr. Johnson has adorned him. When he had won a battle, he had no idea what to do about it, and was always tricked by his victims. His country was reduced to unspeakable misery, and, even before his death, the Swedish Empire was in ruins. It is part of the irony of his life that amid all his triumphs he allowed Peter to install himself on the Neva. It is doubtful whether even as a general he could have stood up for a moment against Marlborough or Turenne. He had only one idea—to charge the enemy at the head of a fanatically admiring army and trust to the other side running away. They usually did so, and the day they didn't Charles's odyssey was over.

The impression he made on Europe was immense. His iron frame (though his childhood was delicate), his close-cropped head, handsome appearance, passion for fresh air, simple living, and love of bear hunting afforded an exotic and romantic contrast to the periwigged courtiers of Western Europe. Everybody's heart went out to the Noble Savage. At a tricky moment in the Spanish War, Marlborough thought it best to spend three days with him. He easily took his measure, but a kindly feeling remained in his heart.

Miss Godley wisely contrasts his career with that of his father, who laboured unceasingly in the cause of his country, spared himself no drudgery, and raised his country to a great height in the councils of Europe. His son merely threw away his advantages. The extraordinary thing is, as Miss Godley insists, that his countrymen stuck to him so long and were ever so proud of him. For sixteen years he was never on Swedish territory at all. He points no moral and adorns no tale. But his life in itself is an admirable story.

Sweden has for the last hundred years played such a modest part in affairs that we easily forget her martial past and how, under the astonishing monarchs of the House of Vasa, she was the terror of Europe and planted her banners in Munich and in Lemberg. All good things, however, come to an end. One day a Gascon marshal, *le trentième de mes généraux*, as Napoleon observed petulantly and unjustly, found himself raised to the throne of the Vasas, and developed considerable talents as a constitutional monarch. Since his day, Sweden has never departed from the straight path of selfish good sense and blameless neutrality. Surely before such a paradox we may all cry aloud, "Vive la Suède, Vive Bernadotte!"

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

### WOODEN WALLS WELL MANNED

The Post-Captain, or The Wooden Walls Well Manned. By JOHN DAVIS. Edited from the third edition, 1808, by R. H. CASE. (Scholaris Press. 21s.)

The Voyages and Cruises of Commodore Walker. With Introduction and Notes by H. S. VAUGHAN. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

THE revival of interest in maritime history has led to a good deal of slipshod bookmaking, but that reproach certainly does not attach to the two books before us. Both "The Post-Captain" and the voyages of Commodore Walker were well worth reprinting, and they have fallen into the hands of very capable and conscientious editors.

"The Post-Captain" is a literary curiosity. A nautical novel, variously attributed to "Zeluco Moore" and J. J. Moore, author of "The British Mariner's Vocabulary," it was really written by John Davis, a hard-working literary hack, who had served both in the merchant service and the Royal Navy, and whose "Travels in America" met with the approval of Macaulay, as we know from a letter quoted in the ATHENÆUM of December 9th, 1843, in an article which has helped to establish the author's identity. Described in a sub-title as "A View of Naval Society and Manners," it is a curious, spirited, random production, with very little plot, very broad characterization, a certain amount of fine writing, and a superabundance of naval slang. We could wish nowadays that the author had given a larger proportion of his space to life afloat, and a smaller proportion to amorous adventures ashore; but it is all delightfully high-spirited and good-humoured, and it has some real value as a contemporary picture, or caricature, of naval manners in Nelson's day. Mr. Case has written an admirable intro-



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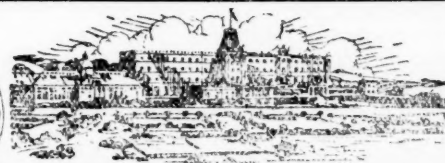
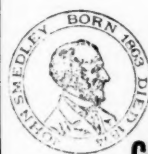
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duction and provided some very useful notes and a glossary of nautical terms.

Commodore Walker's cruises are matter of history, and Mr. H. S. Vaughan, who has edited them for Messrs. Cassell's "Seafarers' Library," has maintained the high standard set by the first volume of the series. His introduction, embodying the fruits of much original research, is not only an excellent biography of Walker, but a really valuable monograph on the whole craft and mystery of privateering. Walker was a commander of exceptional ability and character, and his fight with the Spanish line-of-battle-ship "Glorioso" is one of the brightest pages in the history of privateering; but for many readers the chief fascination of the book will lie in its pictures of Jack ashore, as amusing as anything in the "Post Captain," and more authentic. The descent of the "Boscawen's" crew on Bath, in a cavalcade of coaches, chaises, wagons, and brewers' trundles, with ladies "bought or borrowed for the time," and adorned, like the horses, with ribands of every colour, to satisfy the sailors' "desire of gentility," is worthy of a sketch by Rowlandson.

C. E. F.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE Nonesuch Press have produced a very beautifully printed edition of Harvey's "De Motu Cordis" and "De Circulatione Sanguinis" (25s.), edited by Mr. Geoffrey Keynes.

Two new volumes in the Home University Library are "The British Empire," by Basil Williams, and "A History of England," by J. R. M. Butler (Thornton Butterworth, 2s. each).

"Arthur Lionel Smith, Master of Balliol, 1916-1924" (Murray, 15s.) is a biography by the late Master's wife. "Tramps of a Scamp," by Edward Michael in collaboration with J. B. Booth (Werner Laurie, 21s.), is the autobiography of one who has had many occupations from that of engineer to theatrical manager and newspaper proprietor.

"Spies," by Joseph Gollomb (Hutchinson, 18s.), deals with the various spy systems from the earliest times down to our own.

In "The Celtic Song Book" (Benn, 10s. 6d.) Mr. A. P. Graves, the author of "Father O'Flynn," has collected representative folk songs of the six Celtic Nations. In each case both words and music are given.

"Thomas Hardy," by Samuel C. Chew (Knopf, 15s.), is a critical study of Hardy's novels and poetry by an American. "The Legacy of Bunyan," by W. Y. Fullerton (Benn, 3s.), is a short study of Bunyan's life and work to celebrate his tercentenary.

"Realism," by S. Z. Hasan (Cambridge University Press, 16s.), traces the philosophy of realism from Descartes to Dr. G. E. Moore.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**A Commentary on Plato's Timæus.** By A. E. TAYLOR. (Clarendon Press. 42s.)

Plato died 2,275 years ago, and the "Timæus" which was written during the last fifteen years of his life has been traditionally supposed to embody his maturest thought. Professor Taylor believes that the theories expounded in it are not Plato's own but represent views that might have been held some seventy years earlier by the Pythagorean who gives his name to the dialogue, and finds in them remarkable anticipations of the doctrines of Professor Whitehead. Whether or not they agree, all students of Plato must be grateful for this commentary, which is a work of first-rate importance and distinguished by modesty no less than by learning. Professor Bevan's suggestion (mentioned in the Addenda) that *Μαχέρος* should be read in 25D is attractive.

**The Statesman's Year-Book, 1928.** Edited by M. EPSTEIN. (Macmillan. 20s.)

This is the sixty-fifth annual publication of an invaluable year book. Its arrangement, in the main, is the same as its immediate predecessors. Iraq has, however, been removed from British Mandated territories, and a separate section is now given to the Saar.

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Paradoxical as it may sound, it is "the little motorist" who is going to make big money for the motor-car manufacturer. Readers of these Notes may accuse me of repetition, for I have been saying this for the last few years, but the chase for the little man's small cheques has not yet started. It is going to begin in earnest this year.

Following the recent announcement that there is to be a Morris "Seven," comes the news that there is to be a Clyno "Nine" four-seater, with four-cylinder engine and four-wheel brakes, at something less than £115. So we may anticipate "a certain liveliness" in automobile circles during the next twelve months.

There are more potential buyers than owners, and I shall not be surprised if the number of motorists is doubled in an incredibly short space of time. How the Minister of Transport is going to find road space for them all is another matter, but the sooner he looks ahead the better. The millions Mr. Winston Churchill took from the Road Fund will be badly needed.

The big battle for the little man's business would have started much earlier if our motor manufacturers had studied the home market a little more closely. From time to time we have heard that Director So-and-So has gone abroad to study Colonial conditions. I always rejoice when business men seek to develop the export trade, but how many of the heads of our manufacturing firms have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with their home market?

They go to Monte Carlo and other nice places to see pageants of gorgeous carriages, but I don't meet many of them at the big sporting events held in industrial areas, where in an hour one may count thousands of old cars of small horse-power which have been purchased for anything from £20 to £100 by men who a few years ago would have been buying motor-cycles and side-cars.

There has been an extraordinarily good market this year for cheap second-hand cars up to, say, 12 horse-power. But in the course of my inquiries in thickly populated areas I have found that the people who are picking up these second-hand bargains insist on engines with low rating. Their preference in this respect is so definite that certain provincial dealers are unable to get a bid for cars of even 14 h.p. One trader told me last week that he had had to sell Morris-Oxfords for less money than he had been able to get for Morris-Cowleys of corresponding age!

*A car is no use to a man unless he can run it*, and there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot afford to pay the tax and insurance on anything but very low-powered vehicles. To them the gift of a "Baby Austin" would be a delight; a Rolls-Royce would be "a white elephant."

Running costs and expenses of upkeep are uppermost in the minds of the majority of men and women who are contemplating the purchase of a car. The pound-per-horse-power tax precludes these people from considering anything but small cars—however cheap they may be—and the firms who are setting out to cater for these potential customers will do well to make a special study of petrol consumption and tyre wear, for the car that gives the highest mileage per gallon and the lowest tyre costs will make an irresistible appeal to those who count their expenditure in shillings and pence.

### A ROAD GUIDE

No car is completely equipped unless it carries a good Road Book and Atlas, and I am glad to see a new edition of the Dunlop Guide to Great Britain in a more handy size, suitable for car pockets or cubby holes. The street plans of the larger centres have been redrawn, and the lists of hotels and repairers brought up to date; even the R.A.C. roadside inns are included. A wealth of information in regard to distances, steep hills, market days, parking places, golf courses, and other features of interest is to be found in this handy volume, the price of which is 5s.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

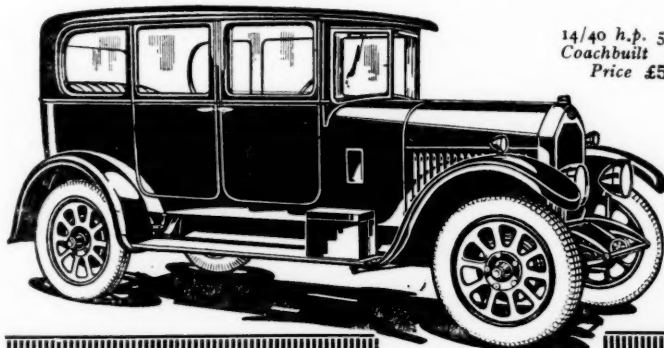
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## CHURCH ARMY FRESH AIR HOMES

## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## NEW YORK—GOLD MOVEMENTS—ANGLO-AMERICAN—ROYAL DUTCH AND RUSSIAN OIL

**A** FALLING off in Stock Exchange business has been painfully evident in the last two weeks. Whether it is due to the temporary influence of Bank holiday, Epsom and New York falling within a three weeks' account, or whether it marks the end of the industrial boom, cannot be definitely decided until dealings begin next Monday for the new account. New York remains a disturbing influence. Predictions of a collapse in the New York stock markets have been made so often that they have become almost a joke for the revues. It is generally felt that the Federal Reserve Bank authorities have bungled in their recent attempts to check Stock Exchange speculation. Twice previously this year they have followed a restrictive policy—the selling of securities and raising of discount rates—but each time they have abandoned or moderated that policy as speculation died down. Once again the Reserve authorities are now putting on the speculative brake, and it is thought that this time they mean business. Call money in New York on Tuesday touched 7 per cent., which is the clearest danger-signal the market has yet had. But whether bullishness on the part of the American public can be reversed without some serious economic crisis remains to be seen.

In its last bulletin a leading American trust company remarks: "This wave of speculation has extended to all parts of the country and drawn in all classes of population. Increasing thousands of first-time speculators are watching their paper profits mount, and are concluding that anyone who works for a living is a boob. It is almost literally true that great waves of speculation like the present one cannot be killed off: they have to commit suicide. They do it by generating the belief that speculation is the quick and easy road to riches." It is possible that the pessimists have under-estimated the financial sense of the American investing public. The extreme bullishness characterized by the trader who recently remarked as he watched the advances being chalked up on the stock board in a New York brokerage room that "everything was going to 500" has, of course, got to be upset. But the American speculator is much better educated in financial matters than we suppose. Statistically, he is spoon-fed. Industrially, he is better informed by his Press than we are in London. American women speculate as much as men—but there are plenty of American women whose knowledge of the stock markets and of the values behind stock prices would put to shame the average new investor in this country. Bullishness in New York may therefore only be killed by a severe reaction in American trade. Of course, with the elections coming in the autumn such a reaction is not impossible.

The gilt-edged market in London is firm but non-plussed by the monetary tangle. The mysterious shipments of gold from New York have, of course, made for cheaper money—discount rates on Tuesday being as weak as 3 13-16 for three months' bills—but on the other hand the rise in call money in New York is having its effect upon the exchange, which has fallen to 4.88½. An increasing flow of balances to New York must be expected while call money remains at these high levels, particularly as there is talk of the Chicago Bank rate being raised to 5 per cent. Yet there are some houses in the City who still believe that Bank rate will come down. Gold to the amount of £3,000,000 is due to arrive in Southampton this week, while another £2,000,000 is leaving New York, and £1,000,000 arrives from South Africa next week. In a fortnight's time the Bank of England may therefore have a record gold holding of £166 to £167 millions. The destination of the £3,000,000 gold this week is unknown, but the Midland Bank has already had £1,300,000 gold, and there is a not altogether idle rumour that Mr. McKenna, whose policy is known to be at variance with authorities on the matter

of the fiduciary note issue, is making use of balances in America to buy gold for shipment to London wherewith to enlarge the note issue and the supply of credit and so make money easier.

The accounts of the Anglo-American Oil Company for 1927 serve as a reminder of the speculative nature of the oil marketing business when it is run independently of production and refining. The Anglo-American retail trading is confined to this country which since January, 1927, has seen a drop of 5d. per gallon in the price of motor spirit and of 2½d. per gallon in the price of kerosene. Reductions in the cost of refined oil prices have partly met the situation, but selling prices fell so rapidly that the Anglo-American suffered an inventory loss of £1,324,000, which practically wiped out trading profits. Net profits amounted to £208,213, against £1,635,235 in the previous year. The final dividend was cut from 12½ per cent. to 5 per cent. tax free, making 12½ per cent. tax free for the year. The accounts of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, by way of contrast, are a reminder that a holding oil company drawing its dividends from subsidiaries which are employed in production, refining, and shipping as well as retail marketing and are operating all over the world instead of being confined to one country, is one of the safest of industrial investments. Royal Dutch net profits for 1927 actually showed a slight increase at Fl.101,978,637, in spite of the slump in oil prices and the oil price war in India and the East. The dividends have been increased from 23½ per cent. to 24 per cent. What industrial investments, offering similar security, could return so good a yield as 6.15 per cent. for Royal Dutch at 32½, and £6 15s. 3d. per cent. gross for Shell Transport at 95s. 6d.?

It is instructive to hear the Royal Dutch account of the price war in India which began with a dispute with the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company over the handling of Russian oil. In all the negotiations carried on at different times by the Royal Dutch-Shell group and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey with the Soviet Government, it was always made a condition that compensation to former owners of oil properties in Russia must be made. Last year, however, the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company made contracts with the Soviet Government without making any such condition, although they knew that part of the oil lawfully belonged to their competitors. In June, 1918, the Royal Dutch-Shell group was "despoiled by the Soviet Government of about one million tons of petroleum products, representing at that time a market value of, roughly, £8,000,000, to say nothing of our oil-fields, wells, refineries, tank parks, cash, &c." The Standard Oil Company of New York claims that it is justified in importing Russian oil into India because it saves the transport from America. But the Royal Dutch point out that Batoum is nearer to New York than to Calcutta, and that the net prices in Calcutta are lower than those in New York.

The accounts of the Hudson's Bay Company are not yet published, but from the preliminary statement of the directors it appears that the revenue has greatly increased for the year to May 31st, 1928. The Company is now reaping the benefit of its large expenditure on the building, equipping, and organization of modern stores which were only completed in 1926. This new policy of retail trading has enabled the Company to take full advantage of the greatly increased prosperity of Canada, a prosperity which has also been reflected in the better sales in the land department. At the present price of £6½ the shares yield 4.33 per cent. on the basis of a total distribution of 27½ per cent. gross.



## Is the Church of England Honest?

DOES the new Prayer Book evade the questions of Heaven and Hell, the Inspiration of the Bible, the Virgin Birth, and the Resurrection of Christ? These are the really important questions in which the whole people are interested, even though the Church Assembly may chiefly have been interested in the Reservation of the Sacrament.

In the new Prayer Book the recital of the Athanasian Creed is made optional. Does this mean that we are no longer required to believe in eternal punishment? We are informed that the Articles of Religion are still to be printed in the Book of Common Prayer. Does this mean that these Articles are still binding on clergy and laity? We had been disposed to think them obsolete.

It appears that many of the clergy are themselves doubtful about fundamental doctrines. According to Dean Inge, whose writings reach the whole people through the daily Press:

"When a young man tells his bishop that his belief in the Divinity of Christ is independent of the dogmas about the Virgin Birth and the Bodily Resurrection, very few bishops hesitate to ordain him."

And even the Bishop of London says:

"It is quite true that the Virgin Birth stands on a different level of evidence from the Resurrection."

Is there not an intolerable state of confusion? Ought it not to be clearly stated which doctrines are optional and which compulsory? It is well that the Church should allow some latitude of doctrine, but we ought to know the minimum that is required. How otherwise can we avoid hypocrisy in the Church which represents the conscience of the nation?

Ought Parliament to sanction a new Prayer Book which ignores most of the questions which really perplex people? If it is now right for a bishop to ordain a man who does not accept the Virgin Birth, ought there not to be some provision in the new Prayer Book which should sanction his action?

Are the bishops determined "to steer safely along the Channel of No Meaning between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No"?

ARE NOT THE ENGLISH PEOPLE ENTITLED TO A FRANK STATEMENT, SEEING THAT, THROUGH PARLIAMENT, THEY ARE ALL RESPONSIBLE FOR CHURCH OF ENGLAND DOCTRINE?

## A Petition

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Whereas it is evident that differences exist in the Church of England not only on such a question as the Reservation of the Sacrament, but on the interpretation of various clauses in the Creeds: We, the undersigned, earnestly request that before the Prayer Book Measure is brought before Parliament you will, in the interest of the whole people of England, cause a statement to be made as to the doctrine of the Church of England which will give a clear answer to the following questions:—

1. Whether it is necessary for a candidate for Holy Orders to believe in
  - (a) Eternal punishment.
  - (b) The Virgin Birth of Christ.
  - (c) The Resurrection of Christ.
2. Whether the Church of England holds that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Christ are historical questions which must be decided in accordance with the evidence, using the word "evidence" in the same sense that it would have for a secular historian or a judge in a court of law.

(Signed) .....

You are invited to sign this petition and forward it to the Political Truth Association, 22, Ely Place, E.C.1.

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COMPANY MEETING.

## IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES, LIMITED.

## FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

## ANTICIPATED PROFITS CONSIDERABLY EXCEEDED.

The First Annual General Meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held at the Hotel Cecil on Thursday, May 31st, 1928, the Right Honourable Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., LL.D., M.P., Chairman of the company, presiding. The Secretary (Mr. J. H. Wadsworth) read the notice convening the meeting and the Resolution seeking sanction for the increase of capital of the company. The Treasurer (Dr. W. H. Coates) read the Auditors' Report. The Reports and Accounts were taken as read.

Sir Alfred Mond said that the results of the first year's working exceeded the anticipation held out in the circular which was sent to shareholders of the merging companies, on the creation of the merger, by over half a million pounds. The profits shown in the Balance Sheet were £4½ million, but in accordance with the old-established practice of the merger companies, not only were their works maintained in a complete state of ordinary efficient repair, but amounts were charged to special maintenance or large repairs which were used to keep the works up-to-date and in a state of the highest efficiency. In addition to this the company had provided funds for obsolescence and depreciation accounts amounting to a very considerable sum, which were accumulated to enable the companies at any time to replace processes or plants which might become out of date, by the introduction of new and unforeseen developments. He had always attached a great importance to this provision. If all industries had done so, the heavy industries of this country would not to-day present the terrible picture which they did. The amount spent by I.C.I. for this purpose during the last financial year amounted to a very substantial sum. The company had also disposed during the year of a part of the investments held by subsidiary companies to provide the sums required to finance the extensive programme of reconstruction to which they were committed—amounting to a sum of £5 million. The sale of these investments showed the satisfactory balance of realized appreciation of over £1 million above the merger values. For technical accountancy reasons, this amount had been placed to reserve in the accounts of the subsidiary companies, but for practical purposes it was part of the reserve fund of I.C.I. Taking these figures together, and including for this purpose the realized appreciation on the sale of shares, the gross profits of the company from these sources amounted to £5½ million, of which £4½ million figured in the balance-sheet, and £3,900,000 were being distributed. This was without taking into consideration the large amounts allocated to special repairs and obsolescence.

## NEW ACQUISITIONS

Apart from the acquisition of more than 99 per cent. of the Ordinary and Preference capital of Brunner Mond, Nobel Industries, United Alkali, and British Dyestuffs, the company had acquired during 1927 practical ownership of Cassel Cyanide, Union Acid, Casebourne & Company, Oliver Wilkins & Company, besides minor holdings in other companies. Since the close of the financial year a metal merger had also been completed. He thought the shareholders would agree that whilst following the traditions of conservative finance on the part of the merger companies, a policy which the Board intended rigidly to continue to follow, the total profits (8 per cent. for the year to Ordinary and 1½ per cent. to the Deferred), while generous, were not excessive. While the profits were very satisfactory for the first year's working, it would be realized that it was impossible in the first year to reap all the benefits of the merger by centralization, unification, collective manufacture, and economic distribution. In the balance-sheet the General Reserve amounted to £700,000, consisting of £291,000 transferred from share premium account, and £409,000 from Profit and Loss Account, with capital appreciation from the sale of investments, this meant a reserve of over £1,700,000.

During the year great progress had been made in the development of organization. I.C.I. now had complete controlling interest in forty manufacturing and trading concerns and a large measure of control over more than thirty other

companies. The organization which had been effected was on a scale rarely attempted on this side of the water, but the company had the benefit of the experience and ability of Sir Harry McGowan in this direction. But the result achieved would not have been possible without the loyal co-operation of all the members of the Board and of the staff and workers of all grades throughout all the subsidiary companies throughout the world.

Sir Harry McGowan would deal in detail with the commercial results and development, and the acquisition of new companies, particularly in the Metal group, but inasmuch as he was going to deal with the Fertilizer section of the business, he must mention the acquisition of Casebourne & Company, which manufactured Cement amongst other products. This acquisition was necessary to the future prosperity of their Synthetic Ammonia plant at Billingham, where large quantities of materials which Casebourne could readily absorb were produced as by-products. Working with the Synthetic Ammonia plant, the acquisition of this company would be of great value as new processes for the manufacture of cement and sulphuric acid had already been worked out.

## THE COMPANY AND ITS WORKERS

He had always attached the greatest importance to the relations of the company, which now employed over forty thousand men and women, with their workers. They had inherited a happy tradition of an industry which for generations had escaped, by the wise and considered conduct of those responsible for its affairs, the evils of labour disputes and conflicts. The companies forming the merger always had the best of relations with trade union representatives in the many branches of industry which they covered. They had always found such relations useful, and had every intention of continuing them. The maintenance of a personal contact with those directly employed could not be under-estimated, and it had always been of the most cordial and friendly character. It was their desire they should, as they had always, give the lead in taking steps for the amelioration of hours, conditions, and benefits, as an example to the other industries of the country. A new Labour policy had already been announced, including the creation of a Central Labour Department, a complete system of Works Councils, culminating in a Central Works Council (over which he, as chairman, would preside), a foremen's Pensions scheme, inauguration of a staff grade, of holidays with pay, and a system of long service awards for those who had completed more than twenty-five years' service, and of whom there were already qualified over 4,500 for presentation.

He felt sure that it was the desire of the shareholders that the workers should also become shareholders, and a new scheme had been established on advantageous and easy conditions, under which in less than four months this year 5,279 employees had acquired 341,434 ordinary shares. This was in addition to shares acquired by the employees of Brunner Mond and Nobels before the inauguration of the general scheme. At the present time workers held over 653,000 ordinary shares. Business was not carried on by machinery but by human beings, and it was too seldom realized that the main asset of any company (which never figured in a balance-sheet) was the goodwill and co-operation of all the workers within the industry.

## RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN INTERESTS

Dealing with the relations of the company with foreign interests, Sir Alfred said that the principal constituent companies had always worked in relations of complete harmony with several important foreign companies and always to mutual advantage, notably with Solvays, Allied Chemicals, and Du Ponts. Statements had been made which had no basis in fact or possibility about discussions with the German chemical industry (I.G.). With foreign concerns, interests must touch at many points, and it was only natural that all should desire to reach understandings on such matters as exchange of technical information and the prevention of uneconomic production.



**COMPANY MEETING—continued.**

He would declare quite categorically that I.C.I. would never make any kind of agreement or arrangement with any company which prejudiced the national or imperial interests and requirements of Britain and the Empire. I.C.I. regarded itself as the guardian of national and imperial safety.

**THE ALKALI AND FERTILIZER INDUSTRIES**

He was glad to state in the Alkali trade the whole plant was working full time and more. The development of the artificial silk industry had greatly increased the demand for heavy chemicals. The home trade was very good, and the export trade was very satisfactory. They were remodelling works, even the most efficient, in order to decrease costs and improve production, on a scale which would have been considered impossible a few years ago, but there was no finality in industry.

He desired to emphasize the great importance of the Fertilizer industry. It was no exaggeration to say but for the production of Synthetic Fertilizers, the world would to-day be suffering from a famine. Great progress had been made during the year 1927 at the Synthetic Ammonia works at Billingham. The make of nitrogenous fertilizers for 1928 would be four times what it was in 1927 and eight times what it was in 1924. No. 3 Unit was now practically on full make, and this unit was a triumph for British technicians, chemists, engineers, and engineering firms. They were ahead in production, and had nothing to fear in competition from any quarter. The return on the expenditure at Billingham was very handsome, and the future expenditure contemplated there would yield an equally good return. The research and investigations carried out by the Nitrogen organization was of the utmost importance to British and Imperial agriculture. They had heard a good deal of nitrate of soda, but nitrate of soda was only 23 per cent. of the world's nitrogen production. At Billingham, besides the great increase in nitrate production, they were producing other ammonia products. A Methanol plant would shortly be in operation, and a whole range of other synthetic processes of the utmost importance to the country.

**OIL FROM COAL AND RESEARCH**

The company had not neglected to study the production of oil from coal which was of the greatest commercial and national importance. He was satisfied that a technical solution had already been found, and the commercial aspect had been very favourably altered by the imposition of fourpence per gallon tax on Petrol. They were proceeding, both here and in the Dominions, with investigation into all aspects of the problem, for they regarded the provision of a supply of fuel oil, independent of the present source of natural oil, a national necessity.

A great deal of the success of I.C.I. was attributable to the continuous application of research to their manufacturing problems. This was being very much increased in intensity in all directions. A closer rapprochement had been effected between the academic and industrial world by the formation of a Research Council, containing some of the best known scientists in the country, for the purpose of investigating new ideas to assist those branches of science likely to be of industrial use.

**ISSUE OF NEW CAPITAL**

In view of the capital programme which the company desired to carry out, it was proposed to issue the following amount of nominal capital: 3,363,855 ordinary shares of £1 each; 2,242,570 Deferred shares of 10s. each. It was proposed to issue these ordinary and deferred shares to holders of ordinary shares in the following proportion: for each thirty ordinary shares, three new ordinary shares and two new deferred shares, and so on in proportion for any larger or smaller number than thirty existing shares. The price at which it was proposed to offer these shares was: Ordinary, 33s. each (or a premium of 13s. per share); deferred, 10s. per share (or at par). This would produce for the ordinary shares £5,550,360, and for the deferred shares £1,121,285, a total of £6,671,645. This meant reserve fund appreciation of over £2 million. He was assured that from the results of this financial year, so far as ascertained, the new capital issue would not affect the maintenance of the present dividend. The issue would be underwritten by the Finance Company of Great Britain and America, Limited, which had been formed with a nominal capital of £2,040,000, held in equal proportions by I.C.I. and Chase Securities Corporation of New York. This was a unique alliance, and the first great Anglo-American Company formed to develop and finance the industries of Britain and the Empire in particular, and the world in general. A very reasonable profit would accrue from the investment in this Corporation.

**INCREASE OF AUTHORIZED CAPITAL**

This issue would exhaust the unissued capital of the company, and in view of the long period programme of development which the Board had in mind, it was necessary to ask sanction to increase the authorized capital by £10 million. This was a very moderate amount, and but 15 per cent. of the

present capital of the company. He hoped never to be connected with any company whose capital account was closed. In future the growth of bigger and more productive enterprises by I.C.I., in addition to the necessity for expansion of its legitimate activities to meet the requirements of its customers, many millions of pounds would from time to time be required on a large capital expenditure programme. The investment of such capital would not be undertaken unless it was strictly assured, and it was obvious that increases of capital swelling the profits of the company must ultimately result to the benefit of existing shareholders. It was not intended to make a further public issue before the end of the present financial year.

He felt that the shareholders had every reason to congratulate themselves upon the results of the first year's working. While paying tribute to the loyal support of colleagues he could not forget the loyal support of the shareholders who now numbered nearly 100,000. He was fully confident that with their assistance they could steer the ship of commerce across the troubled ocean of the world of industry with security and safety. The future security and prosperity of the company would be greater than it had ever been.

**SURVEY OF ACTIVITIES**

Sir Harry McGowan then gave a general survey of the company's more important commercial activities and interests throughout the world. The metal side of the business was an important one. Hitherto progress in the non-ferrous metal branch had been handicapped by inability to handle composite orders for hot-rolled as well as cold-rolled metals. The company's position had been greatly strengthened by the recent acquisition of Elliott's Metal Company and British Copper Manufacturers on account of which I.C.I. were in a position to promote concentration of manufacture and unification of control to meet foreign competition and secure a fair share of the world's requirements of non-ferrous metals, tubes, &c.

Substantial progress, both technically and commercially, had been made in dyestuffs—a matter of great national and particular interest. If the consumer, who had given help in the past, wanted the home product maintained, he ought to be willing to give some preference as an incentive to the maintenance of that output. With the help of I.C.I. there was every prospect of every improvement, provided the demand for the products would be sufficient to fill the factories to the best economic capacity.

**IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS**

Turning to a résumé of the company's interests in Imperial and Foreign Markets, the prospects in Canada, whence he had recently returned, were excellent. As the Canadian company supplied practically all the explosives requirements of the Dominion, the increase in mining necessarily meant increased demand. The company which was most efficiently administered, and had a far-flung organization covering the whole of the Dominion, was also a very successful producer of ammunition, paints and varnishes, artificial leather, celluloid, &c., &c. In Australia and New Zealand a very large business was being done in the various commodities of I.C.I., and great developments were foreseen in the not far distant future. It seemed probable that in due time the company would proceed with the installation of large chemical factories, particularly for the supply of fertilizers. The Australian Government was naturally very much interested in oil supplies. The company had recently decided to install an experimental plant there to demonstrate the practicability of extracting oil in various forms from lignite coal. The confidence which had been expressed in African Explosives & Industries, Ltd., had been amply justified, as there had been steady and continuous progress on both the explosives and fertilizer side of the business. India was full of possibilities for fertilizers, and no effort was being spared in improving the position in that developing market.

I.C.I. was interested in various branches of U.S.A. industry through investments between the Du Pont, Allied Chemical & General Motors Companies. General Motors to-day earn more profit than any other individual company in the world, and its success was a striking example of what could be accomplished by highly efficient organization. In South America the consolidation of the selling arrangements effected during the last twelve months would make for increased efficiency and a more effective hold on the company's trade in that growing continent. On the Continent of Europe the various investments continued to progress satisfactorily, and the company could confidently look forward to the advancement and extension of its interests there as in China and Japan.

**RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED**

The resolution and accounts were passed. The resolution sanctioning the increase of the capital of the Company to £75,000,000 by the creation of 20,000,000 new shares of 10s. each was carried, and the meeting concluded with the usual vote of thanks to the Staff (proposed by Sir Josiah Stamp) and to the Chairman.

The resignation of Sir Josiah Stamp (on his appointment as a Director of the Bank of England) and Lord Weir's appointment to the Board were announced.

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## UNIVERSITY OF CAPETOWN.

## ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

**APPLICATIONS** are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in the University of Cape Town. Candidates must hold either the Diploma of the School of Librarianship or Certificate of the Library Association in Classification and Cataloguing. A knowledge of typewriting is essential. The salary offered is £300 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £400 per annum. The post carries with it pension rights according to regulations (the officer must contribute 6 per cent. per annum of his salary).

Applications (three copies) must be lodged with the Secretary to the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than June 20th, 1928. Applicants should state their age and experience and the earliest date on which they would be able to assume duty. Salary commences from date of assumption of duty. The successful applicant will be allowed passage money up to an amount not exceeding £50.

## COUNTY BOROUGH OF EAST HAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

## LIBRARY ASSISTANT WANTED.

**THE COMMITTEE** invite applications from duly qualified male candidates for appointment as Assistant in one of their Libraries. Applicants must possess approved qualifications in classification and cataloguing. Commencing salary is £100 per annum, rising by £10 per annum to a maximum salary of £155, plus cost of living bonus. The total remuneration will be subject to a deduction of 5 per cent. in accordance with the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922.

The successful candidate will be required to pass satisfactorily a medical examination.

Applications on the prescribed form, which may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, must be delivered to me at the Education Office, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6, not later than first post on Saturday, June 23rd, 1928.

Canvassing members of the Committee directly or indirectly is strictly prohibited and will be a disqualification. F. R. THOMPSON, Secretary.

Education Office, Town Hall,  
East Ham, E.6.  
June 5th, 1928.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

**THE COUNCIL** invites applications for the post of Lecturer in Classics. Commencing salary, £400 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1928.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before Tuesday, June 12th, 1928.

EDWIN DREW, Registrar.  
Singleton Park, Swansea.

## PUBLIC NOTICES, LECTURES, ETC.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

**A COURSE of Two Lectures on "THE SATIRES OF JOSEPH HALL"** will be given by MR. EDWARD BENSLY, M.A. (late Professor of Latin in the University of Wales), at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (STRAND, W.C.2), on FRIDAYS, JUNE 15th and 22nd, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor Sir Israel Gollancz, Litt.D., F.B.A. (Professor of English Language and Literature in the University).

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.  
EDWIN DELLER, Academic Registrar.

**FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT, LINDSEY HALL, THE MALL, NOTTING HILL GATE.** Dr. Walter Walsh. Sunday, at 11.

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## LITERARY

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